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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

1/

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ORMONDE	14,853	Sept. 13	Sept. 19	Sept. 21	ORAMA	20,000	Nov. 15	Nov. 21	Nov. 23
ORCAD'S	9,764	Sept. 20	—	Sept. 28	OSTERLEY	12,129	Dec. 6	Dec. 12	Dec. 14
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ensured by LAMPLOUGH'S PYRETIC SALINE in your bag before starting on your Summer Holidays, and taking a teaspoonful in water in morning, before dinner, or at night. A CENTURY'S MEDICAL RECORDS show that it vitalises and supplies the blood with those saline principles often destroyed by change of climate. LAMPLOUGH'S PYRETIC SALINE, which is the ORIGINAL, differs from other "Salines" and "Salts" and lessens risk of infection by rendering the system healthy and vigorous, by blood purification.

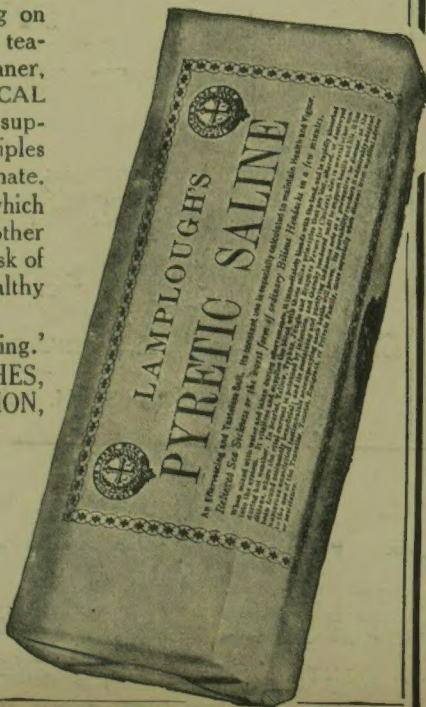
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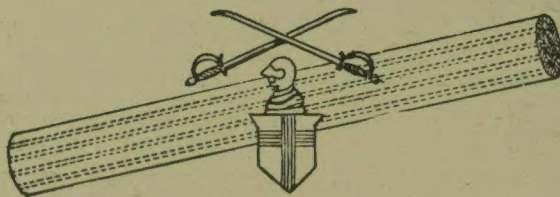
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 1924.

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SPEED BY SEA AND AIR: "WITH THE NAVY THAT FLIES—NORTH SEA, 1918"—A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH OF A DESTROYER IN ROUGH WATER, WITH A SEAPLANE OVERHEAD.

This remarkably fine photograph shows a destroyer cutting at full speed through a rough sea, raising huge mounds of foaming water on either side of her bows. The seaplane above represents the flying arm of the Navy. The photograph has been much admired by Naval men, and Mr. Alfred Buckham, who took it, possesses letters from Admirals Phillimore and Nicholson describing it as the finest one they have seen of such a subject. It has been shown in America, at

the International Exhibitions of San Francisco and Buffalo. Although naval operations are a very different matter from yachting, both require high speed afloat, and from that point of view the photograph is of special interest at the moment. We may add that a converted destroyer figures among the private yachts, shown on a double-page drawing in this number, assembled off Ryde on the occasion of the Naval Review at Spithead.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

QUESTIONS have been asked about my recent remarks on Education, which one of our greatest publicists is more and more offering as a panacea. What I said, or at any rate what I meant, can be very easily explained by an example he himself has just given. Mr. H. G. Wells said that in his Utopian city the homes would cluster round the school or college. They used to cluster round the church, or at worst round the public-house. It is apparently necessary for them to cluster somehow. And for him the roofs should huddle under the mighty tower of the Teacher. Now to me this is like saying that the homes should cluster round the post-office. It is as if they huddled under the huge red tower of a colossal pillar-box. The school, like the post-office, is simply a system of transmission. It is not a gift, but a machinery for giving. The church gives, or ought to give, to the people a religion or revelation they cannot get anywhere else. The inn gives, or ought to give, to the people a quantity of ale or wine that they have not got. But the people can only get out of a pillar-box what they have put into it; and the individual citizen is not even allowed to do that. Education is not an element, an origin, a unique thing, like wine or the Gospel. It is a process or channel, like telegraph-wires or the penny postage. But I am very far from meaning that the process ought not to proceed, or that the machinery should not be used in the right way. I should like everybody to be educated in everything—except in error. Nevertheless, it is odd how often they are educated in error.

The importance of education has been emphasised both by reformers and reactionaries. If I may put it so with due politeness, it has been emphasised both by prigs and snobs. Like many other modern things, modern education is an argument that cuts both ways and can be used for contrary purposes. The Radical can insist on teaching the tramp to read and write in order that he may vote. The Tory may refuse to allow the tramp to vote because he cannot read or write. The prig would educate everybody; and the snob would exclude everybody who is not educated. Both the snob and the prig are right in feeling the real value and virtue of education; yet there is a question I would like to ask them, and a curiosity of history I should like to submit to them both.

Why is it that for the last two or three centuries the educated have been generally wrong and the uneducated relatively right? It seems to me that the cultivated class has been actually more practically and pertinaciously mischievous than the ignorant whom they attempted to instruct. The ignorant would actually have been better off without them. They have been examples not only of the blind leading the blind, but of the blind leading the merely short-sighted. What the educated man has generally done was to ram down everybody's throat some premature and priggish theory which he himself afterwards discovered to be wrong; so wrong that he himself generally recoiled from it and went staggering to the opposite extreme. Meanwhile, the ignorant man reacted differently, as soon as the theory had been rammed down his throat, by practically demonstrating that it made him sick. Such a reaction is purely instinctive, but it indicates a condition of health. Thus, throughout the first half of the nineteenth century in England, the educated were always explaining certain things to the ignorant. They were always complaining then, as they are always complaining now, that the poor do not understand political

economy. But what was the political economy that they did not understand? It was not only a paradox, but a piece of mysticism, almost like the mysteries of religion. It was the mystical dogma of Bentham and Adam Smith and the rest, that some of the worst of human passions would turn out to be all for the best. It was the mysterious doctrine that selfishness would do the work of unselfishness. If unrestricted competition were only allowed to rage like a pestilence, the result would be like a paradise. Anybody who would not swallow this extraordinary superstition was said to be sadly in need of education—and especially of economic education. That sort of economics was what the whole educated class meant by education. And they educated the English into all that economic anarchy and misery which every sensible person is now trying to educate them out of.

philosophy and philanthropy, against what would now be called cruelty and criminal selfishness. It is one of the queerest and most ironic contrasts in history. All the polished professors were teaching that men are a pack of wolves. All the obscure ruffians were assuming that men are the citizens of the Republic of Plato or the *Civitas Dei* of Aquinas.

Then the educated class, having fortunately failed to educate anybody in their own error, went off and tried to educate everybody in the opposite error. In the next period, which corresponded to my own boyhood, they had reached the position expressed by the aristocrat who said "We are all Socialists now." And if "we" meant the cultivated people, he was quite right. Thirty years ago every intellectual who had any intellect was more or less of a Socialist.

Everybody was a Socialist, except the working-man who was supposed to benefit by Socialism. But the working-man in England was very largely indifferent. The hostility of that type of poor man was mainly negative. There was a hostility of another type of poor man that was highly positive. The Socialist intellectuals, in their superior way, used to say sadly that their greatest difficulty was to enlighten and enlarge the mind of the small proprietor, who could see nothing beyond his own family and his own field. English Socialists admitted that the Irish peasant would be a great problem. French Socialists admitted that the French peasant would give them a great deal of trouble. A Fabian I knew very well declared that a Socialist Republic would have to conquer the reactionary peasants of Ireland, as the Jacobin Republic had conquered the reactionary peasants of La Vendée. A French writer of the Socialist sort admitted that when his party approached the peasant proprietors there would be difficulties: "We shall be received with pitchforks!" But all agreed that what was the matter with these people was that they were not educated. They needed to be taught politics and economics; above all, they needed to be taught the exact opposite of the politics and economics which the last generation had tried to teach them. They must learn, but they must learn only what the learned had just learned; and the very opposite of everything that the learned had already taught.

Then followed the strangely instructive incident of Russia. All the English educated classes had looked down with withering pity on the ignorance and ignominy of Russian peasants. They had looked up with reverential pity at the Jews and Socialists who were persecuted in Russia. Suddenly, one fine day, or rather, one stormy day, the Jews and Socialists left off being persecuted and began to persecute the educated classes. They set up a Bolshevik dictatorship that filled the educated everywhere with terror; it destroyed private property and practically destroyed private life. Then the dictatorship of the towns was brought to a standstill in the countryside. And private property was defended, private life was saved, the communists were forced to a compromise, by those very bestial and benighted Russian peasants whom we had despised like the beasts of the field.

Twice in a hundred years the folly of the wise has been arrested by the wisdom of the ignorant; and people despised as uneducated have prevented the educated from finally making fools of themselves. One was when the first obscure trade unions arrested Individualism run mad. The second was when the unlettered Russian peasants arrested Socialism run mad. It seems to me a curious thing.



ONE OF THE NATION'S NEW ART TREASURES: "THE REPOSE IN EGYPT," BY ADRIAN VAN DER WERFF, WHICH WAS RECENTLY ACQUIRED FROM THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER.

"The Repose in Egypt," by the Dutch painter Adrian van der Werff (1659 to 1722), was bought by the Trustees of the National Gallery, out of the Florence Fund, at the Duke of Westminster's recent sale. The price was £220. The picture was on view in the Gallery during the war, with others from the Duke's collection, and now hangs in Room IX.

By Courtesy of the National Gallery.

Meanwhile, the ideals of the later educationists, all the ideals that Mr. H. G. Wells or Mr. H. A. L. Fisher would now put before them, all the ideals of co-ordination and comradeship and organised interdependence, had begun long ago among the ignorant. These were things that the ignorant taught and the learned had to learn—or more often refused to learn. In these things it was the uneducated who educated the world. In defiance of all the instructed who were preaching ruthless individualism, the uninstructed had already begun to establish Trades Unions. Their origins were extraordinarily rude and illiterate and even illegal. They appeared to the cultured classes of their time as a mere subterranean outbreak of the criminal class. Yet they represented all that would now be called

OUR ANAGLYPHS.

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ONE OF THE NATION'S NEW ART TREASURES: A MURILLO.

BY COURTESY OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY.



RECENTLY HUNG IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY: "THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION," BY MURILLO, BEQUEATHED TO THE NATION BY MR. J. TRUEMAN MILLS, WHO LEFT MORE THAN £4,000,000.

The late Mr. Joseph Trueman Mills, of Stockgrove, near Leighton Buzzard, who died a few months ago, leaving estate provisionally valued at £4,100,000, bequeathed to the National Gallery his two pictures by Murillo, "The Immaculate Conception" and "St. Augustine." The former has just been placed on view in Room XVIII. at the National Gallery. The directors of the Louvre in Paris are said to have paid £23,440 for their Murillo of the same subject. Bartolomé Estéban Murillo was born at

Seville in 1617, the son of a mechanic, and died there in 1682. His early years were a time of struggle, but in 1643 he was befriended and taught by Velasquez, and five years later he made a wealthy marriage. By 1654 he was recognised as the head of the Seville school. The Immaculate Conception did not become an article of faith in the Roman Church till 1854, but during Murillo's lifetime there was a great demand for pictures on the subject in churches and convents, and he painted many versions of it.

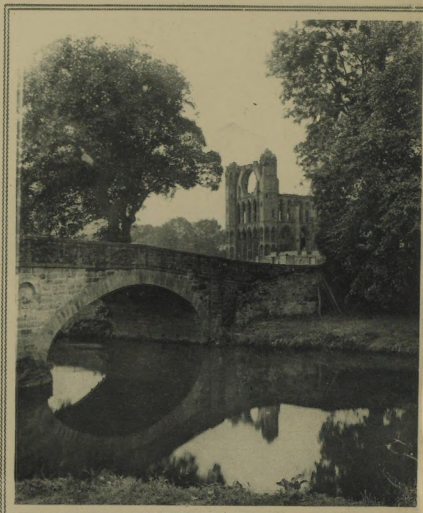
"THE LANTERN OF THE NORTH" FIRST "LIT" IN 1224: THE 700TH ANNIVERSARY OF ELGIN CATHEDRAL.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALEXANDER B. BEATTIE

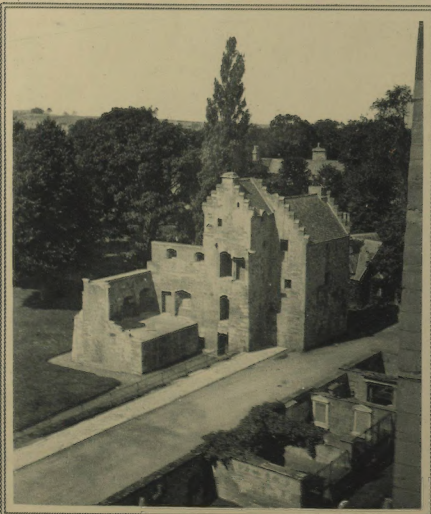
(ELGIN) AND GEORGE M. TYRRELL (ELGIN).



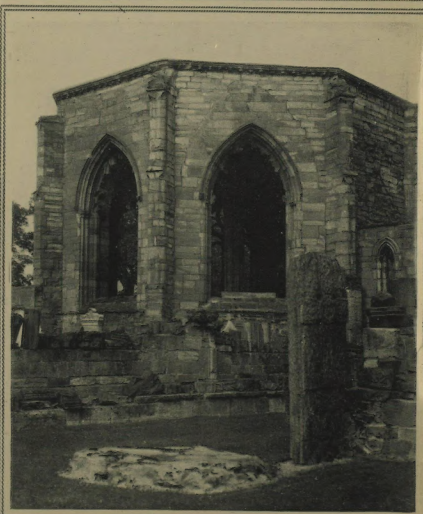
SHOWING THE EAST END, WHERE COVENANTERS DESTROYED THE SCREEN IN 1640, AND PILLAR-BASES OF THE NAVE: ELGIN CATHEDRAL (INTERIOR) FROM ABOVE THE WEST DOORWAY.



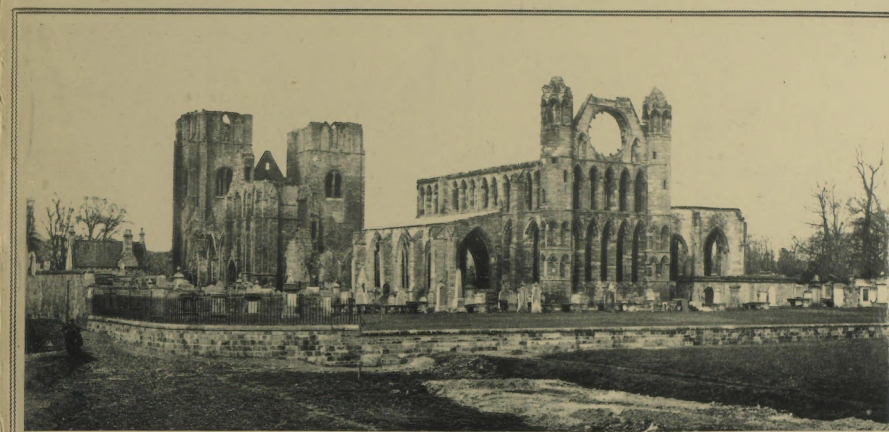
NEAR LOSSIEMOUTH, THE FIRST LABOUR PREMIER'S BIRTHPLACE: THE EAST END OF ELGIN CATHEDRAL—A GLIMPSE FROM THE RIVER LOSSIE.



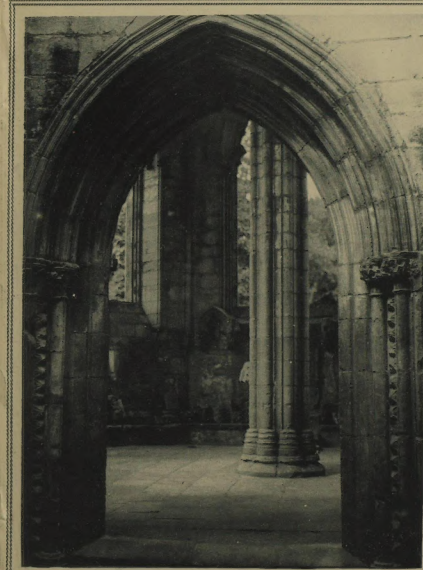
BUILT IN 1406: THE BISHOP'S PALACE, RUINED BUT PARTIALLY RESTORED, SEEN FROM THE TOP OF ONE OF THE CATHEDRAL TOWERS.



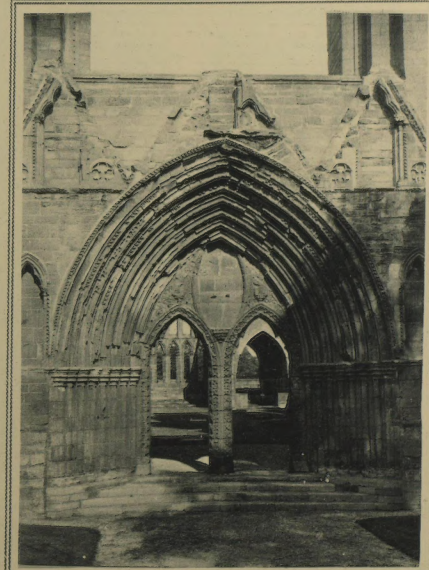
OCTAGONAL IN SHAPE, AND IN GOOD PRESERVATION: THE CHAPTER HOUSE OF ELGIN CATHEDRAL, ON THE NORTH SIDE OF THE BUILDING.



BURNT BY "THE WOLF OF BADENOCH" (ALEXANDER STEWART, EARL OF BUCHAN) IN 1390, AND LATER RAVAGED BY COVENANTERS AND ROUNDHEADS: THE RUINS OF ELGIN CATHEDRAL, WHOSE CENTRAL TOWER COLLAPSED ON EASTER SUNDAY, 1711.



SHOWING THE PILLAR WHICH SUPPORTS A ROOF OF SINGULAR BEAUTY: A GLIMPSE INTO THE INTERIOR OF THE CHAPTER HOUSE.



BENEATH THE WEST WINDOW THAT WAS DESTROYED BY CROMWELL'S TROOPS IN 1655: THE WEST DOORWAY OF ELGIN CATHEDRAL.

The splendid buildings of Elgin Cathedral, whose 700th anniversary was celebrated a few days ago, on August 6, were begun in 1224 by Bishop Andrew Moray, the founder, who is buried at the foot of the altar steps. They embodied an already existing Church of the Holy Trinity, of which one transept still remains. "In 1270 and again in 1390" (says the official guide to the district) "the cathedral suffered severely from fire. The story of how the wicked Earl of Buchan (a son of Robert the Second, and generally known as 'the Wolf of Badenoch') set fire to the sacred buildings in 1390, has often been told in prose and verse. In revenge for having been excommunicated by the Bishop of Moray, the Earl swept down on Forres and Elgin with a band of retainers and left 'the lantern of the North,' as Elgin Cathedral was called, a blackened pile of smoking ruins. . . . The King forced the Earl to repair the damage and to help in rebuilding the Cathedral." In 1567, soon after the accession of James VI., the Privy Council sanctioned the removal of lead from the roofs

of the Cathedrals of Elgin and Aberdeen, and rapid dilapidation set in. At Elgin, "in 1640" (we read), "a party of Covenanters broke down the screen which separated the nave from the choir, and, in 1655, Cromwell's troops demolished the west window. The greatest disaster of all came on Easter Sunday, 1711, when the central tower fell with a crash, involving the nave and transepts in its ruin." For over a century the Cathedral was neglected, and its masonry was ransacked for building. An antiquary named John Shanks did much to preserve the ruins, which have since been under the care of the Office of Works. The Cathedral once possessed the unusual feature of two towers at each end, and the western pair are still standing. Between them a beautiful doorway leads to the nave. The South Aisle was the burial-place of the Gordons. Elgin, it may be noted, is only six miles from Lossiemouth, the birthplace of the present Premier, Mr. Ramsay-Macdonald.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



PIPE-FISHES AND SEA-HORSES.

By W. P. Pyecraft, F.Z.S., Author of "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

NOW that London possesses an Aquarium, and one of which we may be justly proud, all sorts of rare and curious fishes will be brought from the ends of the earth for our entertainment and instruction. Among the latest additions are a number of those singular little fishes known as "sea-horses." Their safe transportation was no mean feat, for they are extremely delicate. Lest evil should befall them on the way, Dr. Chalmers Mitchell himself, the Secretary of the Zoological Society, went over to Paris and brought them back by aeroplane.

The Pipe-fishes and Sea-horses are remarkable creatures in many ways. They belong to a very remarkable family, all the members of which are distinguished for their eccentricities, both in the matter of shape and habits. The most normal of them all are the sticklebacks, though the marine fifteen-spined stickleback is very reminiscent of a pipe-fish. Then there is that curious fish the "Opah," with its strange shape, brilliant coloration, and peculiar mouth. Even this we may hope to see in our Aquarium, for every now and then it is taken off our coasts. More singular still is the little "Needle-fish," or "Shrimp-fish," which, for some strange reason, is designed by Nature to swim head downwards. Semi-transparent and encased in a thin bony shell, it has even less freedom of movement than a tortoise, for only its tail escapes the bony embrace of the shell. Finally, there is that odd little creature, the Pegasus (Fig. 1), which lives on the sandy shoals of the coasts of Japan, China, India, and Australia. Its mouth, which is toothless, is on the under side of its head; its body is encased in bony rings; and it has great broad breast-fins. The dried bodies of this little fish are commonly used by the Chinese, in conjunction with shells and bits of red coral, in the ornamentation of fancy boxes, which are sometimes brought over to England by sailors and travellers as curios.

But our conversation is of pipe-fishes and sea-horses. These differ from all their relatives just alluded to, in the peculiar form of their gills, which, indeed, are unlike those of any other fishes, in that the blood-vessels which have to perform the function of breathing are not set upon a comb-like, bony framework, but are arranged in the form of tiny lobes, forming a sort of rosette, which can be seen by raising the gill-cover. The body has no scales, but, instead, is encased in bony rings, fitting so close together that the muscles of the body, having no play, are in a very degenerate condition. Swimming is performed by means of rapid vibrations of the back-fin.

where small crustacea swarm, and these present no difficulty in their capture.

The giant of the tribe is the Snake pipe-fish, which may attain to a length of over two feet. In this there is no tail-fin, which fact has given to the body a rather fanciful likeness to a snake. But the species most commonly met with in our seas is the Great pipe-fish, which is about sixteen inches long. The smallest is the Worm pipe-fish, about six inches

In yet another matter these strange creatures stand out from among their kind. And this concerns their extremely curious nursing habits. With the pipe-fishes and sea-horses, the male carries the eggs about with him, instead of building a nest for their reception. The means by which this burden is borne, however, presents some interesting gradations of perfection.

In the Snake pipe-fish, for example, and the little Worm pipe-fish, the eggs are attached firmly, in an even layer, to the under-surface of the body. In the Great pipe-fish, and in the Broad-nosed pipe-fish, a fold of skin runs along each side of the abdomen, wide enough to allow the edges to be brought together, and thus envelop the eggs. From this arrangement there is but a stage to the fusion of the edges to form a pouch, and this is seen in the sea-horse. Here the eggs remain until they are hatched. After the escape of the young, and until they are an inch or so in length, they follow their parent about in a little shoal. But there is one group of small pipe-fishes, having no names in common speech—they belong to the family *Solenostomidae*—wherein the eggs are carried in a pouch by the female. And here they are kept in position by means of long filaments projecting from the pouch-wall.

The replacement of the scales by an investment of bony plates is found in a very considerable number of fishes. The West Indian Coffer-fish resembles the Needle-fish—already alluded to—in that the tail only is capable of lateral movement. In the Porcupine-fish (Fig. 5) of the Cape of Good Hope and the Atlantic Coast of Tropical America, they form triradiate spines. The sticklebacks,

it will be remembered, have similar spines; but these, which can be raised and depressed at will, are modified fin-rays. The sides of the body, however, are also armed with bony plates, but, being very thin and scale-like, they escape the attention of most people. Their existence is worth notice, because they have a very curious history. The three-spined stickleback of our ponds and ditches is commonly supposed to present three well-marked varieties: the "smooth-tailed," with from four to six bony plates behind the gill-cover; the "half-armed," with from ten to fifteen bony plates behind the gill-cover, and a few blunt spines on the base of the tail; and the "rough tailed," with an uninterrupted series of from thirty to forty plates along the body. Careful observations show, however, that the number of these plates changes with the seasons. Thus the smooth-tailed

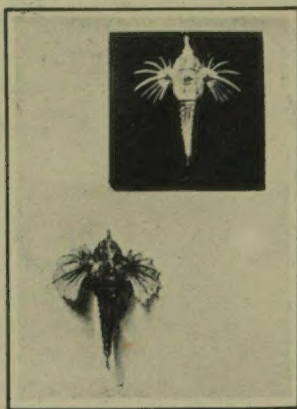


FIG. 1.—MUCH USED TO DECORATE CHINESE FANCY BOXES: THE PEGASUS, OR SEA MOTH—THE BONY SKELETON (ABOVE) AND THE FISH AS IN LIFE (BELOW).



FIG. 2.—LIKE THE KNIGHT OF THE CHESS-BOARD: THE SEA-HORSE.

"The Sea-horse differs from the Pipe-fish in having the head bent upon the body at a sharp angle, and the tail transformed into a prehensile organ, which, when the creature is swimming, is carried in a coil."

long, and, unlike its relatives, it is more often found under stones than in the open. This tendency to develop a burrowing habit is interesting. Finally,

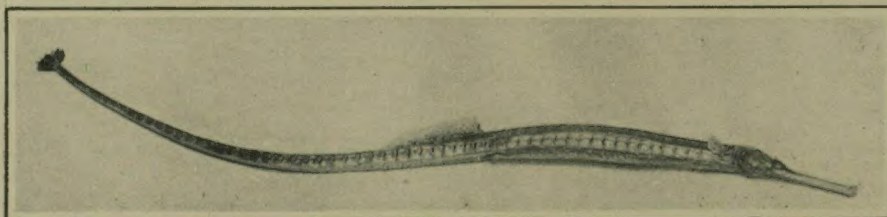


FIG. 3.—THE ANCESTOR OF THE SEA-HORSE: THE PIPE-FISH.

"The Pipe-fish may be regarded as the ancestor of the Sea-horse. The more usual scales having been replaced by close-fitting bony rings, the body has become extremely rigid, so that it has to be driven through the water mainly by the rapid vibrations of the dorsal fin."—[Photographs by E. J. Manly.]

we have the Ocean pipe-fish, which affords an interesting stage between the pipe-fishes and the sea-horses, inasmuch as it has a short tail, bearing no fin, but which can be used to twist round pieces of seaweed, thus enabling it to remain at anchor for hours at a time.

And now, at last, we come to the sea-horse (Fig. 2).

While its relationship to the pipe-fish is obvious enough, yet it is strikingly different. For it swims with the body held vertically, the head bent sharply downwards, and the tail gracefully coiled. Off the Cornish coast and the Channel Islands, this quaint little creature may be searched for with some confidence, but it is by no means common.

There are two Australian species of sea-horse which have lost the power of coiling their tails, but they apparently live where seaweed, of a slender habit of growth, forms rather dense banks, so that a fixed anchorage is not necessary for safety. Instead, they have developed a most effective disguise, which renders them difficult to distinguish from the weeds amid which they rest. This

disguise takes the form of slender filaments of skin, projecting from the various angles of the body. In one species, shown in the adjoining photograph (Fig. 4), these filaments are of great length, and many of them are branched; while numerous spines add still further to the effectiveness of this singular transformation to secure protection from enemies.

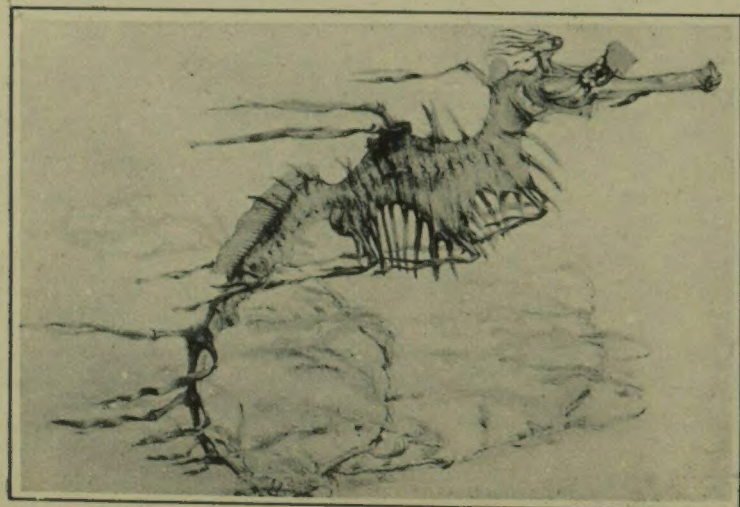


FIG. 4.—DISGUISED FOR PROTECTION BY FILAMENTS LIKE SEAWEED: AN AUSTRALIAN LEAF-WINGED SEA-HORSE.

"In the Leaf-winged Sea-horse the filaments of seaweed-like skin are greatly developed, making concealment immensely more effective. Spiny outgrowths add to this disguise."

The pipe-fishes (Fig. 3), of which there are several species, have a long cylindrical body, with the head drawn out into a long tubular mouth, the actual opening of which is very small. They swim with an extremely slow, gliding motion, holding the body in a semi-vertical position. The capture of quickly-moving prey is impossible to them, but they live

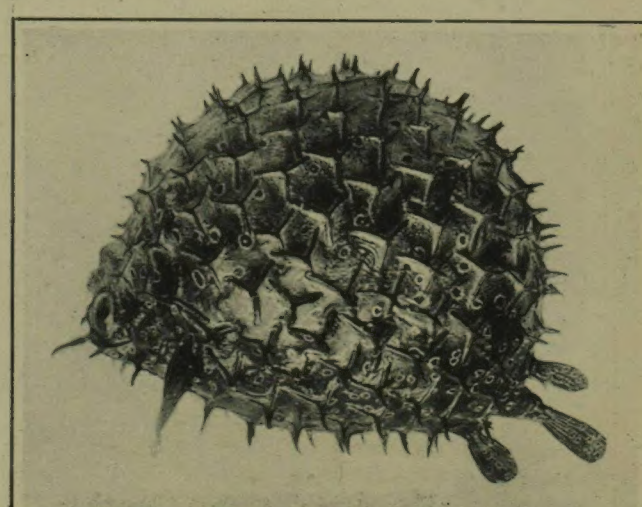


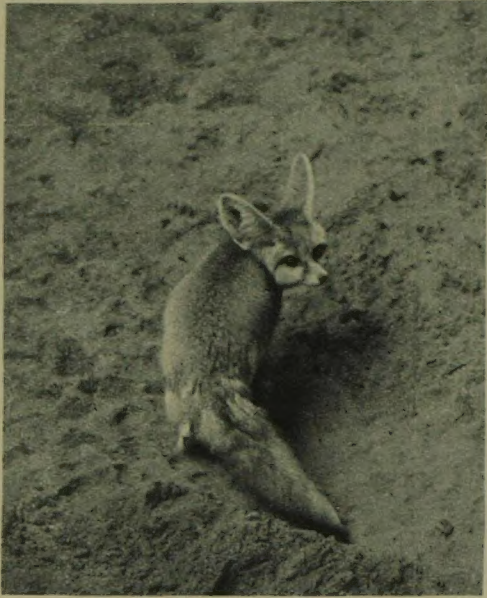
FIG. 5.—WITH PROTECTIVE BONY PLATES INSTEAD OF SCALES: THE PORCUPINE-FISH.

"The body of the Porcupine-fish is beset with spines, constituting a formidable armour against attack."

variety (*gymnurus*) represents the fish in its summer dress; the rough-tailed form (*trachurus*) is the same fish in its winter dress; while the half-armed (*semi-armatus*) is the spring form, before the reduction of the armature is completed. Why a heavier armature is needed in the winter is a matter for further observation.

A CATERPILLAR PROCESSION; A TRAP-DOOR SPIDER; SAHARA CURIOSITIES.

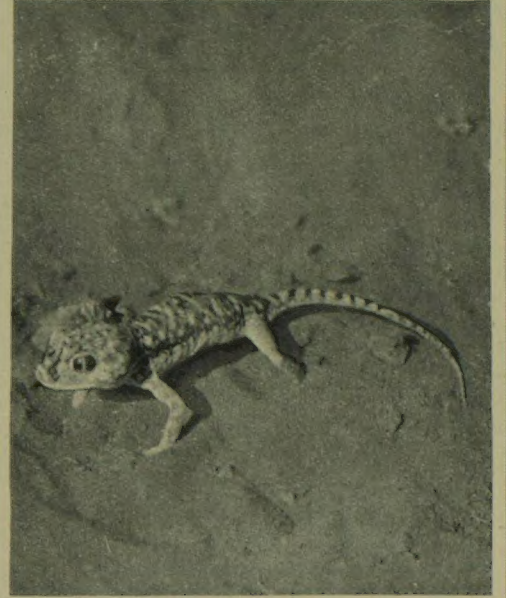
COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHERRY KEARTON, FROM HIS WEST AFRICAN NATURE FILM, "TOTO'S WIFE."



A VERY RARE CREATURE, UNTROUBLED BY HOUNDS: THE DESERT FOX OF THE SAHARA.



SEEN DURING THE SEARCH FOR A WIFE FOR TOTO THE CHIMPANZEE: A DESERT RAT.



NICKNAMED "THE FISH OF THE DESERT": A SPECIMEN OF THE SAHARA LIZARD.



CATERPILLARS THAT HAVE THE STRANGE HABIT OF MOVING IN PROCESSION: NINETEEN OF THEM CRAWLING IN SINGLE FILE, END TO END.



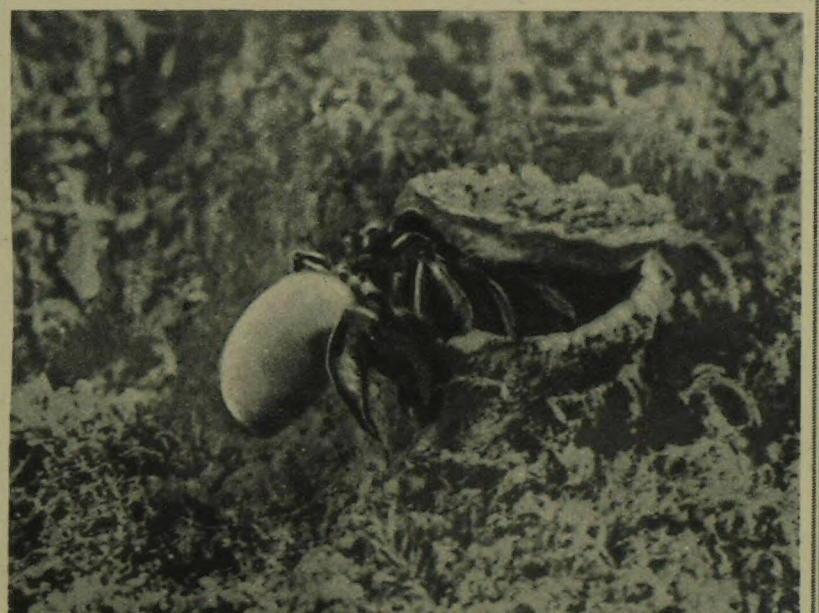
THE FILE OF CATERPILLARS BROKEN, OWING TO ONE UNIT "FALLING OUT": A CURIOSITY OF INSECT LIFE IN THE AFRICAN DESERT.



REPTILE LIFE IN THE DESERTS OF WEST AFRICA: A HORNED VIPER IN ITS NATURAL SURROUNDINGS.



WITH A LIDDED "BOX" (SEEN ON THE RIGHT) INSTEAD OF A WEB FOR HIS "PARLOUR": THE TRAP-DOOR SPIDER.



WALKING INTO HIS "PARLOUR" BEFORE ISSUING HIS INVITATIONS: A TRAP-DOOR SPIDER LIFTING THE LID OF HIS HUNTING-BOX.

Mr. Cherry Kearton, the well-known naturalist photographer, has added greatly to his reputation by his latest film, "Toto's Wife," which forms a sequel to his "Toto of the Congo." Toto, it may be recalled, was the chimpanzee which he presented to the "Zoo." Sympathising with Toto's loneliness in captivity, Mr. Kearton made another journey to Africa to find him a suitable wife, and returned with "Sally," only to learn that during his absence Toto had died. The prospective bride was therefore left disconsolate, and Mr. Kearton asks: "Would it be more kind to send her back to the land of her birth or leave her in the Zoological

Gardens to be petted?" Perhaps the solution may be yet another journey to find her a bridegroom, and a third film called "Sally's Husband"! This is only a suggestion, without authority. During his trip to West Africa, in quest of a helpmate for Toto, and back through the great sand wastes of the Sahara, Mr. Kearton photographed many rare and remarkable creatures, some of which are shown above. It is satisfactory to learn that "in this picture, of the scores of subjects photographed, not one single animal, insect, bird or reptile is killed, or even shot, by Mr. Cherry Kearton."

Mysteries of Stonehenge: "The Hanging Stones."

"THE STONES OF STONEHENGE." By E. HERBERT STONE.*

"MANY," wrote John Wood, "have undertaken to Describe the Ruins of Stonehenge; and to Restore those Ruins to their ancient State; and, in general, to Explain the whole Work; Yet it is not Stonehenge that they have Described, Restored, and Explained to us; but a Work that never existed unless in their own Imaginations."

There's the rub about the *Stanhengist*, "the hanging stones" Henry of Huntingdon called one of the four wonders of England. It is "wropt in myst'ry and veiled in obscurity," as Miggs had it.

Given the questions—When was it built? Why was it built? How was it built?—the learned and

Stone hazards no definite opinion. "It may have been a Temple for some form of worship—or a Court of Justice—or a Hall for ceremonial meetings of Tribal chiefs. All we can say with certainty is: 'We do not know.'" At least, however, it is without ancestors or descendants in this country. It is presented to us as an architectural entity fully developed. "We have no earlier structure in the same style from which its evolution may be traced, and the design has never been repeated." On the other hand, "there are . . . analogues in Arabia and elsewhere which, with Stonehenge, may have been derived from a common origin. It

may . . . be considered probable that the design for the structure was introduced from abroad." To which may be added a note as to the "foreign" blue stones which are encircled by the native sarsens and possibly came from the Prescelly Mountains, in Pembrokeshire. "It appears probable that the blue stones before they were transported to the Stonehenge site had been set up as a stone circle, which no doubt had a specially sacred character. According to old tradition, these stones were believed to possess magical and medicinal properties. We may suppose that the fame of the mystic attributes of the stones was a matter of common belief in western Britain, and that on an occasion of a tribal war in which the Salisbury Plain people were the victors, the stones of the sacred circle were carried off as a trophy to be re-erected at Stonehenge."

Third: The Labour question. Mr. Stone, naturally enough, has much admiration for the engineer and praise for the craftsmen. Indeed, he writes: "The engineer who designed Stonehenge and devised the methods by which the work of erection might be carried out must have been a man of extraordinary ability—the Archimedes of his time. . . . Who he was and whence he came we shall never know. He was probably a foreigner—a wise man from the East." But under such highly efficient superintendence there was nothing in the mere manual labour required for the work which could not have been done by the most primitive people

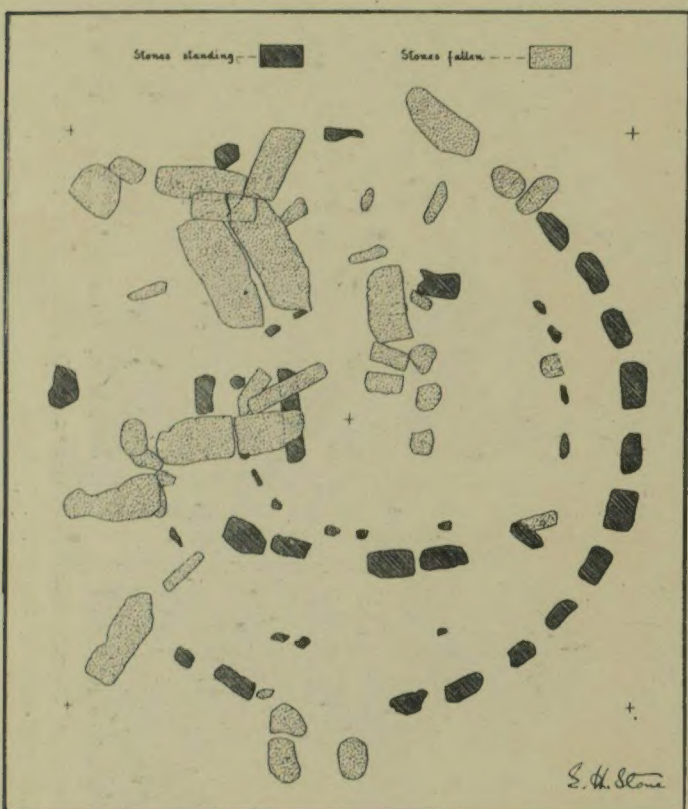
he holds between his two hands above his head. At a signal from the foreman each man dashes down his maul simultaneously on the granite layer, which is thereby split across with a fairly even fracture."

After this, transportation was comparatively easy. Man-power, ropes, and tree-trunk rollers were available.

Dressing was, there is little doubt, done on the site; and there, too, would be fashioned the tenons of the uprights and the mortises of the lintels, the beaks of the lintels and the corresponding grooves. Quartzite mauls would come into play again and knock off irregularities, and batter the surface to a certain smoothness, pulverising and disintegrating; or grinding might be done with a flat block of sarsen fed with water and "sand" of crushed flint. For surface-pounding: "Time required to take off a thickness of one inch over an area of 1 square foot—about 24 hours." Grinding: "Time required to take off a thickness of one inch over an area of 1 square foot—about 32 hours." One man employed in each case.

As to tenons: "It is probable that in the first instance a certain amount of material would be splayed off by hammer-blows. The work would then be carried on by the 'surface-pounding' process as far as could be done with safety, and the tenon itself completed by grinding. As to mortises: "These might easily have been formed by commencing the hollow by pounding with a hammer-stone, and then grinding out the mortise to the required depth with a stone of suitable size and shape fed with crushed flint and water."

Granted the engineer, the actual erection of stones and lintels called for care rather than skilled labour; but it was not an easy task, for all that: certainly no easier, save for difference of weight, than the setting up by kindred methods of the Egyptian obelisks, an operation pictured in our issue of April 7, 1923. Mr. Stone gives vital figures when he is discussing the models illustrated on the opposite page. "The average weights of the sarsen stones of the outer circle at Stonehenge have been taken at: Uprights—each, 26 tons; lintels—each, 6½ tons. The man-power of a Neolithic man has been taken as follows: Effective strength for a short direct vertical lift, 224 lb. (1-10 ton). Effective weight on the end of a lever, 112 lb. (1-20 ton). Effective pull in hauling a rope, 56 lb. (1-40 ton)."



STILL A MYSTERY OF PROBLEMATICAL DATE AND UNKNOWN USE: STONEHENGE IN ITS PRESENT CONDITION.

Reproduced from "The Stones of Stonehenge," by Courtesy of the Author, and of the Publisher, Mr. Robert Scott.

the ingenious are still faced by propositions to which they cannot add a safe Q.E.D.

Yet there are answers conceivably correct—almost, it could be argued, warranted by facts.

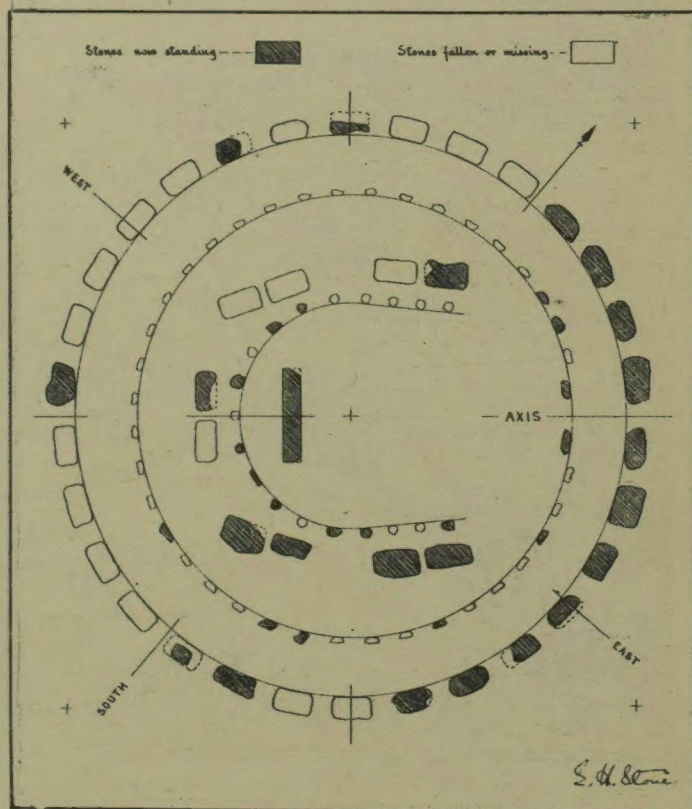
First: Age. It may be assumed that it is of a single period—Outer Circle of sarsen stones, Inner Circle of blue stones, "horseshoe" of five trilithons, inner "horseshoe" of blue stones, and "Altar" stone. Then it may be taken, in the light of remote and recent investigations, that the setting-up was before the coming of the Round Barrow people, near the close of the prehistoric Neolithic days; that, "as determined by astronomical considerations, the date for the building of the present structure of Stonehenge was probably not earlier than about 2040 B.C., and not later than about 1640 B.C." The basis for this is the theory that the builders directed the axis of their masterpiece, as nearly as they were able, to the point on the horizon at which midsummer sunrise occurred in their time to "the point which the sun-god could not pass"; and possible error of calculation due to all causes accounts for the years of uncertainty.

Second: Object. The Encyclopædia of the right worthy Messrs. Chambers notes numerous opinions. "Geoffrey of Monmouth says it was erected by Aurelius Ambrosius, in commemoration of the British nobles slain by Hengist; that Aurelius himself was buried in it; and that Constantine, in the sixth century, was buried close by Uther Pendragon, within the structure of stones. . . . It has been called a temple of the sun, and of serpent-worship, a shrine of Buddha, a planetarium, a gigantic gallows on which defeated British leaders were solemnly hung in honour of Woden, a Gilgal where the national army met and leaders were buried, and a calendar in stone for measurement of the solar year." Wisely, Mr. Herbert

in Neolithic (or even in Palæolithic) times."

Yet what an infinity of pains, what time and trouble, must have gone to quarrying, transporting, dressing, and erecting!

Take the rough sarsen stones, "about the most difficult stone in England to work." These had to be quarried from the hard parent boulders. The crude hammer-stones could not have pounded or ground them away; flint axes would have broken against them. But sarsens can be split into rectangular blocks with ease: "It is perhaps not too much to say that had sarsen not been possessed of this property, Stonehenge would never have been built." It may be that fire was used, as it was when John Aubrey wrote in 1686: "I have heard the minister of Aubury (Avebury) say those huge stones may be broken in what part of them you please without any great trouble. The manner is thus: they make a fire on that line of stone where they would have it to crack; and, after the stone is well heated, draw over a line with cold water, and immediately give a smart knock with a smyth's sledge, and it will break like the collets at the glassehouse." Or maybe it was realised that "a line of shallow pits chipped across the surface gives a line of weakness for breakage." And there is another way—that once used in the granite quarries of Hyderabad. "To obtain stone for building purposes a layer of this granite is split up by the native quarrymen, in a very simple manner, by the use of spherical masses or 'mauls' of granite. These mauls are precisely similar to the largest mauls found in the excavations at Stonehenge. A number of men stand in line across the layer in the direction in which the slab is to be split. Each man has a maul which



OUTER CIRCLE, INNER CIRCLE, HORSE-SHOE OF TRILITHONS, AND HORSE-SHOE OF BLUE STONES: STONEHENGE RESTORED.

Reproduced from "The Stones of Stonehenge," by Courtesy of the Author, and of the Publisher, Mr. Robert Scott.

There we must leave mysteries upon which we have barely touched, certain that Mr. Stone's book will be sought for the full story, for the author is one who can claim really to have Described, Restored, and Explained so far as that is humanly and reasonably possible. His volume is much to be commended: it is thorough, expert, and fascinating; an erudite and revelatory labour of love.

E. H. G.

* "The Stones of Stonehenge." A Full Description of the Structure and of its Outworks; Illustrated by Numerous Photographs, Diagrams, and Plans Drawn to Scale. By E. Herbert Stone, F.S.A., Fellow of King's College, London; Sometime Member of the Institution of Civil Engineers and the American Society of Civil Engineers. (Robert Scott, London; 21s. net.)

MYSTERIOUS STONEHENGE: THE ERECTION OF UPRIGHTS AND LINTELS.

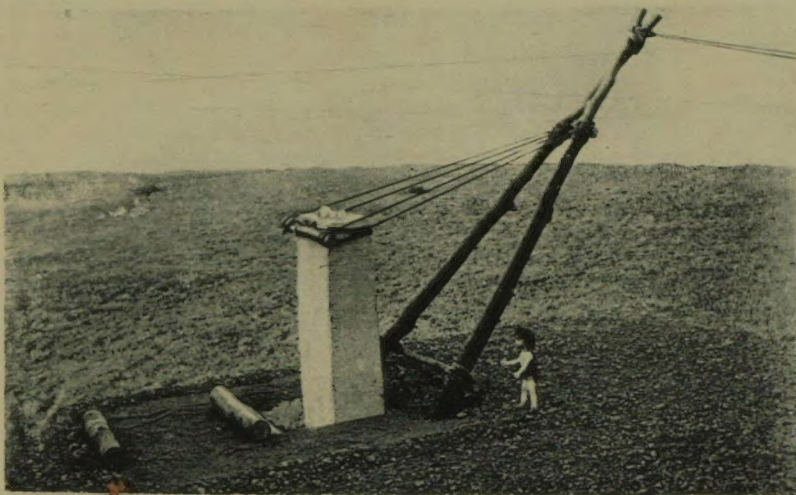
REPRODUCTIONS FROM MR. E. HERBERT STONE'S "THE STONES OF STONEHENGE," BY COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR AND OF THE PUBLISHER, MR. ROBERT SCOTT.



THE DRESSED STONE FOR AN UPRIGHT ROLLED TOWARDS THE FOUNDATION PIT DUG TO RECEIVE IT—A 5 FT. 6 IN. NEOLITHIC MAN BESIDE IT.



THE STONE TIPPED INTO THE FOUNDATION PIT, SO THAT IT RESTS ON THE BOTTOM AND AGAINST THE SLOPING SIDE.



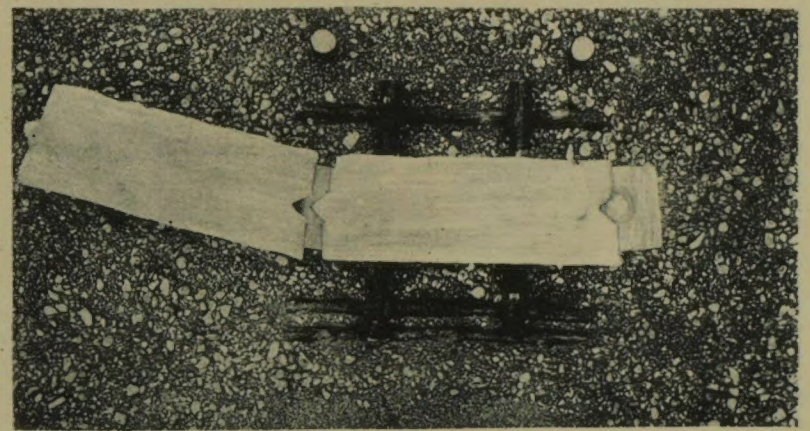
THE STONE FOR AN UPRIGHT RAISED TO THE ERECT POSITION BY MEANS OF SHEAR-LEGS AND MAN-HAULAGE.



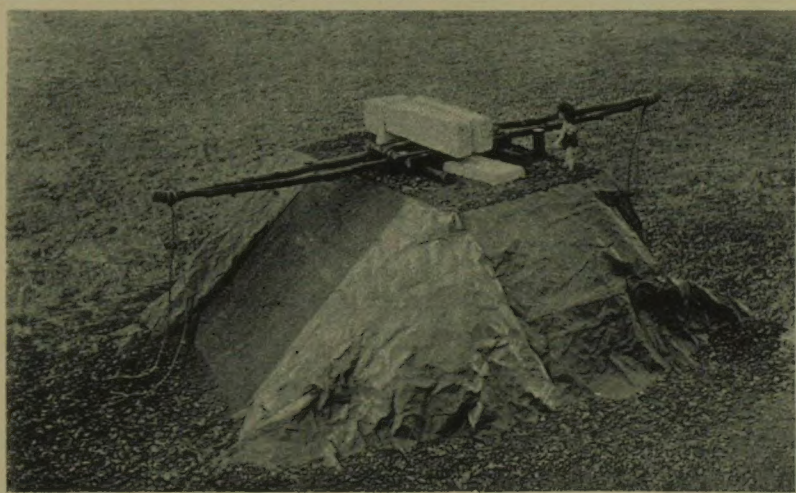
THE EARTH MOUND, WITH A RAMP, BUILT ROUND TWO UPRIGHT STONES WHOSE TOPS ARE SEEN—A GROOVED LINTEL ON THE LEFT.



THE LINTEL, PROTECTED BY TIMBER, BEING MAN-HAULED UP THE RAMP TO THE ERECT EARTH-PROTECTED UPRIGHTS.



THE LINTEL ON ROLLERS ABOVE THE UPRIGHTS; SHOWING THE BEAK ON THE LEFT READY TO ENGAGE THE GROOVE ON THE NEXT LINTEL.



DOUBLE LEVERS UNDER THE LINTEL STONE—THE BEAK ENGAGING THE GROOVE OF THE LINTEL ON THE LEFT.



THE LINTEL LOWERED ON TO ITS SEATINGS ON TOP OF THE UPRIGHTS AND ENGAGED WITH THE LINTEL ON THE LEFT.

The illustrations given on this page are from the excellent working models (1 in. = 1 ft.) made by Mr. E. Herbert Stone, and show the probable method used by the builders in erecting the upright stones of the outer circle of Stonehenge, and the big trilithons, and in setting the lintels in place. It is thought that each upright stone was rolled into position and then tipped into a pit made to receive it, much as the ancient Egyptians seem to have tipped their obelisks into position, although, in their case, the pits, as we showed in our illustrations of April 7, 1923, were partially filled with sand. The stone, having grounded at

the bottom of the pit, was raised to the upright position by means of shear-legs, and the pit was then filled in. The lintels were put in place in a rather more elaborate fashion. Each pair of upright stones was surrounded by an earth mound, having a ramp up which the lintel was hauled. Each lintel had at one end a beak and at the other end a groove, and beak and groove engaged with the adjoining lintels to complete the circle. Tenons in the top of the uprights fitted mortises in the lintels. The method illustrated was probably altered somewhat for the erection of the weighty trilithons.

Religion in the Land of the Imbrie Murder:

A MUHARRAM PROCESSION IN PERSIA.

By C. F. J. GALLOWAY, B.Sc., F.R.G.S. (Author of "The Call of the West.")

EVERY year, during the first ten days of the month of Muharram, the Shi'a Mohammedans commemorate the death of Hasan and Husayn with great fervour. For nine days the dramatic representations, lamentations, and recitals take place indoors, but on the tenth day a grand procession parades through the streets of every city. This is the great day of the year in the Shi'a world; so sacred is it that on it no manner of work must be

was entirely due to their unwise invitation. After a sanguinary battle, Husayn was slain on the tenth of Muharram, A.H. 61 (Oct. 10, A.D. 680), his small force being far outnumbered, and his surviving relatives and partisans being sent captive to Damascus.

The site of the battle was called Kerbela, a name popularly said to be derived from the words "Kerb" anguish, and "Bela" calamity. The shrine erected over the tomb of Husayn is one of the three most sacred places of pilgrimage for the Shi'a, the other two being Mecca and Nejef, the shrine of 'Ali. So sacred is the city that has grown around the shrine of Kerbela that no Christian or Jew is allowed to live there.

The inevitable legends have gathered around the battle and the death of Husayn, and these are commemorated in the passion play and procession of Muharram, special execration being directed against Omar, Obaidullah, and Yezid, as the authors of the martyrdom of Husayn. The most extravagant praise

This is an act of sympathy with Husayn's wound in the head. The more blood spilled, the more merit is acquired. Many, in their enthusiasm, bleed to such an extent that they faint. It is a frequent occurrence to see a man or youth being carried away to the nearest baths to be revived.

I was told that, as a rule, each year one or two of these enthusiasts die as a result of the excitement and loss of blood. Some, on the other hand, make very little mark on their tunics. Those unfortunate ones among the smaller boys who do not show sufficient zeal are urged on by their mothers from behind, and encouraged to be little men. It is a pitiful sight to see a poor little kiddie of ten or eleven, whose arm must ache from the very weight of the sword he is wielding, ready to burst into tears, being soundly rated by his mother as a coward, and urged to display more manliness. The blood-stained tunics are afterwards kept as very sacred mementoes.

Those men and youths who are wise, so I was told, pay a visit to the barber on the evening before the great day, and have an incision made in a certain vein in the forehead, by means of which a great deal of blood can be caused to flow with no pain, by beating it with the flat of the sword.

It is possible that this, and other features of the ceremony, date back to pagan times, being survivals of the "Mourning for Adonis," introduced into Persia by the Syrians or Phœnicians, and incorporated into Islam in the same way as many pagan customs have been adopted into Christianity.

The central feature of the cavalcade is the coffin of Husayn, upon which lies his headless body, the breast transfixed by a number of arrows and swords. After the Battle of Kerbela the head of the martyred hero was sent to Damascus, hence the condition of his body in the representation.

The devotee who performs this coveted part acquires very great merit, and not without reason, for he has to spend several hours with a garment over his head, which is enclosed on either side by false shoulders (Fig. 3). Some of the arrows and swords are said to be actually stuck a little way into his breast, so that it is no light undertaking to play the part of Husayn. But it would appear from the photograph that in this case most of the weapons are stuck in around the place where the head of the performer actually is, and so are not likely to penetrate beyond the wrappings. Even so, the position cannot be one of excessive comfort in a hot climate.

Husayn's infant son, 'Ali Asghar, represented by a large rag doll, is carried by the corpse. Behind the coffin follows a fearsome "lion," either on horseback or carried on a litter. At intervals the lion climbs up on to the coffin, on which it kneels, taking up the infant, which it fondles and kisses—a truly pathetic sight (Fig. 3). In the same photograph the decapitated body is seen holding out its arms, giving the child to the lion.



FIG. 1.—EMBROIDERED WITH SYMBOLIC DESIGNS CONNECTED WITH 'ALI, HASAN, AND HUSAYN: TRIANGULAR BANNERS IN THE PROCESSION; AND (BEHIND) DRAPED POLES SURMOUNTED BY INSIGNIA, MANY REPRESENTING A SEVERED HAND.

done. I was assured that any man who so far forgot himself as to work on the tenth of Muharram would inevitably be reborn as a dog!

The photographs which accompany this article were taken in Kazvin, North Persia, in 1920. The date of the tenth of Muharram, being based on the lunar year, varies in our calendar, and fell on that occasion on September 24.

This celebration is in no way connected with the religion taught by Muhammad, its primary object being apparently to accentuate the bitterness between the Shi'a and Sunni sects by commemorating in dramatic form the incidents connected with the death of Husayn.

After the death of Muhammad, the succession to the office of leader of the faithful was a matter of bitter controversy and strife from the very outset, the party which afterwards developed into the Shi'a regarding the succession as a divine and hereditary institution, while the opposing faction, the Sunni, considered it to be a question of election. The Shi'a, therefore, look upon 'Ali, the cousin and son-in-law of the Prophet, as his first successor, not recognising the three others who actually intervened before 'Ali was elected to the succession.

All the subsequent Caliphs are rejected by the Shi'a, the succession recognised by them being through the twelve Imams, the last of whom, Muhammad al-Mahdi, disappeared in A.H. 260 (A.D. 873-4), and will return in due course. The second and third Imams were the two sons of 'Ali, Hasan and Husayn, who, on their mother's side, were grandsons of the Prophet.

On 'Ali's death by murder in 661 A.D., Hasan was proclaimed Caliph, but resigned his claim on account of the powerful opposition of Mu'awiya, who, from Syria, was engaged in civil war against 'Ali. Hasan secretly negotiated, in exchange for his resignation of the claim, to receive the treasure stored at Kufa, in 'Iraq, and the revenues of the Persian province of Darabjird. On this becoming known to his followers, a mutiny broke out in which he was wounded. He retired to Medina without the treasure, and died about 669 A.D. His death is said by the Shi'a to have been due to murder, but this is discredited by historians.

On the death of Mu'awiya in A.D. 680, the partisans of the family of 'Ali in Kufa sent to Mecca inviting Husayn to come to Kufa and be proclaimed Caliph in 'Iraq, in opposition to Yezid, the son and appointed successor of Mu'awiya in Damascus. Husayn set out with all his family, but, before he could reach Kufa, he was met, on the plain about twenty miles west of the Euphrates, by an army commanded by a certain Omar, sent to intercept him by Obaidullah, Governor of Basra, by Yezid's orders. The people of Kufa, seeing trouble ahead, kept quiet, and sent no help to Husayn, whose plight

is lavished upon Husayn, who is regarded as the embodiment of all possible perfection, and his death as the most dreadful calamity and crime.

At the head of the procession, and at intervals throughout its length, triangular banners are carried, beautifully embroidered with symbolical designs connected with 'Ali, Hasan, Husayn, and others (Fig. 1). There are also elaborate insignia of gold, silver, and bronze, borne aloft on poles, with black or white draperies hanging from them. Prominent among these are numerous representations of a severed hand.

In the battle, after Husayn had received a sword wound in the head, he went to drink in the Euphrates. (The river was about twenty miles distant, but such little trifles are overlooked. It may have been the canal which brings water from the Euphrates to Kerbela.) While in the act of drinking, he was struck in the mouth by an arrow, upon which he raised his bloody hands to heaven, with an appropriate remark. His little nephew went to kiss him, but the boy's hand was cut off by a sword. Husayn was afterwards wounded in the hand and neck, and finally a spear passed through his body. The emblem of the severed hand may have some connection with these incidents. Close after the leading banners and insignia are companies of men with bare breasts, scourging themselves more or less vigorously with lashes of various kinds.

A distinctly repulsive feature is introduced by a line formed by hundreds of men and boys. These advance slowly sideways, to the accompaniment of a particularly dismal chant. With his left hand each catches hold of his neighbour, thereby making a continuous line, while in the right he carries a sword with which he continually slashes his forehead, causing the blood to fall over his face, and down the front of a white tunic, which is prepared for the occasion.



FIG. 2.—RIDING IN TRAVELLING LITTERS, OR PANIERS, CARRIED BY DONKEYS: WOMEN AND CHILDREN IN THE PROCESSION, REPRESENTING PRISONERS TAKEN AT THE BATTLE OF KERBELA.—[Photographs by C. F. J. Galloway, B.Sc., F.R.G.S.]

This scene portrays a quaint legend. During the Battle of Kerbela, it being apparently thought that Husayn had not enough to do, an angel appeared to him and informed him that his friend, Sultan Ghiyath, was in danger from a lion in India. It is not very clear whether this happened before or after Husayn's death, but, whichever it was, he was quite capable of travelling in his astral body, and at once went off to

[Continued on page 292.]

WITH "LION," "CORPSES," AND "ARCHANGEL": MUHARRAM IN PERSIA.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C. F. J. GALLOWAY, B.Sc., F.R.G.S.



FIG. 3. THE MOST REVERED OBJECT: HUSAYN'S HEADLESS "CORPSE" HANDING HIS INFANT SON (A RAG DOLL) TO THE "LION": A FREQUENT INCIDENT IN THE PROCESSION.



FIG. 4. SEVERED "HEADS" (WOODEN IMAGES) STUCK ON POLES; AND A MAN IN WOMAN'S DRESS, PROBABLY REPRESENTING HUSAYN'S SISTER, DOING PENANCE BY RIDING A CAMEL WITHOUT LITTERS.



FIG. 5. REPRESENTING A SUPPORTER OF HUSAYN SLAIN IN THE BATTLE OF KERBELA: ONE OF MANY HEADLESS "CORPSES" CARRIED ON STRETCHERS IN THE PROCESSION.



FIG. 6. BELIEVED TO REPRESENT THE ARCHANGEL GABRIEL: A WEIRD FIGURE, THAT MOUNTS HUSAYN'S COFFIN ALTERNATELY WITH THE "LION."



FIG. 7. FERVENTLY KISSED AT INTERVALS (AS HERE) BY A GROUP OF DEVOTEES: A HORSE REPRESENTING HUSAYN'S CHARGER, ZU'L JANAH, MUCH VENERATED.

The fanatical side of Persian religious sentiment was shown recently by the murder of the United States Consul, Major Imbrie, at Teheran, by a native mob, after he had attempted to photograph a place where a miracle was said to have been performed. The outrage occurred shortly before the sacred festival associated with the month of Muharram, which this year commenced on August 2. The above photographs are therefore of immediate topical interest both as regards the time of year and recent events in Persia. They illustrate the extremely interesting

article by Mr. C. F. J. Galloway (begun on the opposite page and continued elsewhere), describing a Muharram procession of Shi'a Mohammedans at Kazvin, in Northern Persia. The figure numbers attached to the photographs correspond to references in the article, where each of the subjects and incidents illustrated is fully explained. In India, it may be recalled, Muharram has often been marked by bloodthirsty conflicts between Shi'a and Sunni Moslems, as well as between Moslems and Hindus.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

By J. D. SYMON.

EMPIRE Year would be a good name for 1924, and it is rather curious that no enterprising scribe has so named it already. For obvious reasons it has seen an unprecedented quickening of interest in Imperial questions, and in everything that concerns the welfare of Britain overseas. The Empire from its remotest corner has come to our doors, and, for a small entrance fee, the most stay-at-home Briton can make the tour of the world, and begin to realise the vast extent of the King's Dominions and the variety of our fellow-subjects. The great object-lesson at Wembley not only gratifies but stimulates curiosity, and few can leave it without the desire to know more. It was inevitable that this fresh incentive to think Imperially should create a demand for books upon the subject, and this demand has found its corresponding supply. Some of the books have been on side issues, all interesting and valuable; but that was not enough. The occasion called for some definite effort in publication, bearing directly on the Imperial theme. The need was recognised betimes, and the result—a series of volumes, each volume self-contained—is now in our hands.

The projectors of the scheme have taken care that this little library of Empire, although avowedly "popular," should not be the facile work of more or less intelligent but obscure hacks who had "mugged up" their subjects from books of reference. Not infrequently a series devised for a special occasion lacks authority, but that cannot be laid to the charge of "THE BRITISH EMPIRE, A SURVEY IN TWELVE VOLUMES" (Collins' 16s. per vol.), edited by Mr. Hugh Gunn, late Director of Education for Orange River Colony, who has enlisted as contributors a distinguished body of writers whose names in every case carry weight in connection with their special subjects. They are all tried servants of the Empire, who speak with first-hand knowledge of those Dominions, Dependencies, or Imperial questions which they have been called upon to describe or discuss. Many brains and hands have gone to the undertaking, and the contents of these volumes are as engrossing as they are various.

Relatively to the colossal size of the subject, the treatment, even in twelve volumes, must necessarily be but a sketch, and of this the authors are well aware; but if it be a sketch, it is not "sketchy." The articles are miracles of condensation, and frequently the style reaches a very high level. Everywhere there is vision, and instances could be cited where the writing touches the point of literature.

The first volume of the series, "The Dominions and Dependencies of the Empire," is by many hands, and every hand is that of an expert. A "Foreword" has been contributed by H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, who connects the "Survey" directly with the British Empire Exhibition, and strikes the right keynote when he remarks that "it is well that the youth of our time should be reminded of those hardy and intrepid pioneers who, long years ago, went forth from these islands to seek new homes . . . and, bearing 'the white man's burden' in far-distant lands, laid the foundation of our great Commonwealth of Nations. To their courage and endurance, no less than to our victories by land and sea, we owe the goodly heritage of Empire which we hold in Trust to-day, and only as we faithfully discharge its duties and responsibilities may we claim to be partners in its glory and renown."

It has been the special care of the writers to recall in a brief introductory narrative the history of the pioneers who founded each of our Dominions overseas. This is done most picturesquely by Lord Morris in his account of our oldest possession, Newfoundland, of which he was Prime Minister. He begins by describing a picture in the Bristol Art Gallery of the departure of John and Sebastian Cabot on their first voyage of exploration to the New World, just five years after its discovery by Columbus. That scene, Lord Morris reminds us, is reproduced in the Pageant of Empire. He notes the "solemn, serious, religious way in which in those days great undertakings were launched"—just, he might have added, the very manner of sailing out into the unknown which is reflected in a famous passage of Rabelais, where, if there be a touch of burlesque, there is none the less a true picture of the times.

The story of Canada has been entrusted to Sir George Foster; Australia to Sir Joseph Cook; New Zealand to Sir James Allen; South Africa to Sir Edgar Walton; India to Lord Meston; Rhodesia to Sir Lawrence Wallace and Lieut.-Colonel E. Marshall Hole; Tropical Africa to Sir Frederick Lugard and Mr. J. C. Maxwell; the West Indies to Lord Olivier; Ceylon and Mauritius to Sir Montagu Burrows; Malaya to Sir Ernest Birch; the Pacific Possessions to Sir Everard im Thurn; and the volume concludes with a section on Sea Power and Outposts of Empire by Commander H. T. Dorling, with a note by the Right Hon. L. S. Amery.

It would be invidious to draw comparisons between the work of these authorities where all is interesting, but the section that appeals most to me personally for its qualities of style and treatment is the wonderful picture of India presented by Lord Meston, within the brief

compass of fifty-six pages. These four chapters, "How the British Came to India," "What the British Found in India," "Consolidation and Growth of British India," and "India To-day," go to the very root of the matter. They are the work of an administrator who is a profound thinker, and has pondered and reflected deeply on every aspect of India and every phase of Indian life. These chapters may be described without exaggeration as apocalyptic, and ought to be read and re-read by everyone who would find a key to current accounts of affairs in India. Particularly illuminating is the ingenious summary of the problem on its ethical side as "an imaginary balance-sheet with which Warren Hastings took over the administration." The problem, Lord Meston says, "is not radically different to-day from what it was a century and a half ago." Equally fine, with the added opportunity of the picturesque, is the condensed but vivid account of the agricultural year in Upper India. It is a little *tour de force* in the communication of atmosphere; Hesiodic in its suggestion of works and days and changing weather.

"For a century and a half," says Lord Meston, in conclusion, "we have held India in tutelage, and endeavoured to show her a wider freedom than she ever knew. If we believe in what we have tried to teach her, we must help her at this critical parting of the ways to take the right turning; for the happiness or the failure of three hundred millions of human beings is no light consummation. And let there be no pharisaism in the matter; our interest points in the same direction as our duty. . . . India is an essential factor in the Common-



SHOWING THE NAVAL WAR MEMORIAL (THE WHITE OBELISK IN CENTRE) RECENTLY UNVEILED BY PRINCE GEORGE, BETWEEN THE DRAKE STATUE (LEFT) AND THE ARMADA MONUMENT, WITH THE OLD EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE (NEARER FOREGROUND): AN AIR-VIEW OF PLYMOUTH HOE AND THE TOWN BEYOND.

The Naval War Memorial on Plymouth Hoe, unveiled by Prince George on July 29, and illustrated in our issue of August 2, commemorates 7400 officers and men of the Navy (mostly from the Three Towns and the West Country), who died in the war and (in the Prince's words) "have no other grave than the sea." "This memorial," he said, "will form a great sea mark and sign of remembrance." It is an obelisk about 100 ft. high, and identical in design with one recently unveiled at Chatham, and a third which is being erected at Portsmouth.—[Photograph by Acrofilms, Hendon, Ltd.; supplied by Sport and General.]

wealth. . . . Also let there be no foolish self-depreciation in the matter; India's interests tally closely with our own. . . . While she is working out her future, she will need our friendship and active help more than ever."

"Of that future no forecast can be attempted." But the former Lieutenant-Governor of Agra and Oudh ventures to surmise that a unique type of federation may be evolved from our present Provinces and the Native States. Some of these may be broken up and re-grouped on an ethical or linguistic basis. "It may yet be India's high function, if our work has not been in vain, to hold the hegemony in a new Asiatic civilisation, while remaining an honoured member of the British Commonwealth."

Prominence has been given to this section of the book, because it stands apart in lofty treatment of its subject. The accounts of other parts of the Empire are equally informative, but less philosophic and penetrating. For nowhere else has any writer had an opportunity to reveal the soul of a people as Lord Meston has revealed it in his account of India. But this is not written in disparagement of those parts of the volume which are not concerned with an immemorial and mystical civilisation. The newer countries are more matter-of-fact, and lend themselves to the more matter-of-fact treatment appropriate to their case.

To read the books of this admirable series with the impressions of the Empire Exhibition fresh in one's mind is to realise the value of the service which these writers have conferred on the reading public. Nearly every page recalls something seen at Wembley, be it of Australia, Canada, New Zealand, Malaya, or the African and Far-Eastern exhibits. Things seen and text illustrate and corroborate each other in the most delightful way. This holds good down to smaller detail, and finds charming

illustration, for example, in the accounts of Malta and Cyprus.

The same is true of the finely illustrated volume on "THE NATIVE RACES OF THE EMPIRE," by Sir Godfrey Lagden and others. Here, mindful of a most beautiful and interesting section of the Exhibition, one would mention especially the chapters on "The Malay." These have been composed by Sir Edward Woodford Birch (formerly British Resident of Perak) from the published writings of Sir Frank Swettenham, formerly Governor of the Straits Settlements. Sir Frank Swettenham, above all writers, has translated the spirit of Malaya into English literature, and it was entirely fitting that this part of the series should bear his mint-mark. Before one had looked closely at signatures, something in the general style and manner of this most fascinating portion of the "Native Races" volume seemed familiar, and suggestive of our greatest interpreter of Malaya. A second look confirmed the surmise as to the origin of these papers.

Years ago, I had the good fortune on two occasions to meet Sir Frank Swettenham, and to hear from his own lips stories of the land and the people he governed. His conversation has all the charm of his writing. One thing especially I remember from those talks. It was characteristic of Sir Frank's sympathy with the wonder and mystery of Malaya. He had had one of his books bound between the ornamental silver plates which form the ends of the hard Malay pillow, because it pleased him to fancy that the stories in his volume had been told by some Malay fabulist to a companion "at the midnight, in the silence, in the sleep-time," when the heads of both lay on one pillow between those very plates of embossed silver-work. Was ever book-binding more romantically devised?

Yet another of the Empire books is "THE RESOURCES OF THE EMPIRE AND THEIR DEVELOPMENT," by Mr. Evans Lewin, Librarian of the Royal Colonial Institute. This work is an encyclopædia in little, and, although necessarily statistical, is always readable. The author modestly suggests that his last chapter is "possibly worth consideration." That applies to all, but the point made in the chapter indicated is particularly significant. It emphasises the passing of certain of the Dominions from "the pastoral and agricultural status into the more complicated sphere of modern industrial expansion." This phase finds striking illustration in the Exhibition, and so once more these books make touch with things seen at Wembley, and prove how vitally complementary are the exhibits and the information contained in the Survey.

A scheme so educative could not omit the great question of education. This receives special and detailed treatment in the volume entitled "THE UNIVERSITIES AND EDUCATIONAL SYSTEMS OF THE EMPIRE," by Professor A. P. Newton, who holds the Chair of Imperial History in the University of London. No clearer or better conspectus of a vast and complicated subject could have been devised. To test details by one's own microscopic store of special knowledge in some department of University history is to realise how accurate Professor Newton's work is, and how exhaustive has been his study of material. Most valuable is his statement of the relations between the educational systems of the Home Country and those of Britain overseas. Incidentally, the book is a fascinating study in educational ancestry. But it is more, for first of all it helps the reader to realise something that has not hitherto had all the prominence it deserves—how strong and vital a link in the chain of Empire is formed by Imperial experiments in education. These are, for the most part, "recognisably British."

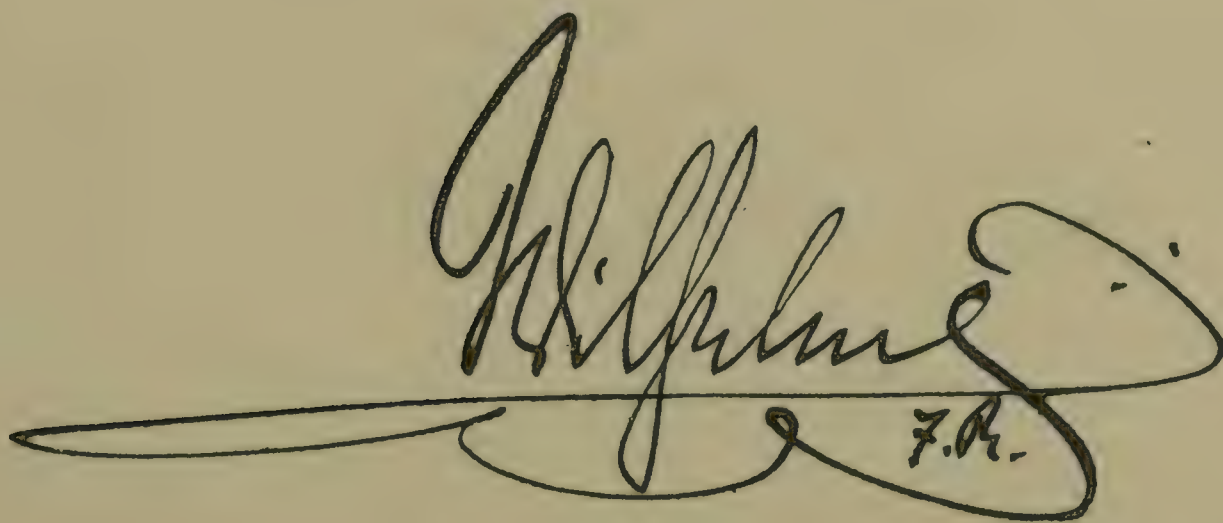
Appropriate to consideration of the educational question is yet another volume of the series, "THE PRESS AND COMMUNICATIONS OF THE EMPIRE," by Mr. J. Saxon Mills, who speaks with authority on a subject he has made his own. From the beginning of things, as may be traced in other parts of the Survey, trade routes have influenced the progress of the Imperial idea. "Out of the struggle for India's trade there issued, unpremeditated but inevitable, the peopling of our overseas dominions." And with physical communications the question of mental communications, and consequent enlightenment, is inseparably bound up. This volume opens up yet another world, which finds its concrete illustration in the ocean and land transport and Press exhibits at Wembley. The Survey of Empire, admirably planned and carried out, comes in a fortunate hour, and should find its mark with a public as wide as the Empire itself.

As a change from one theme (even although that is an Imperial theme), let me recommend the new edition of a very beautiful and scholarly book upon the Near East. This is Miss Gertrude Lowthian Bell's "AMURATH TO AMURATH" (Macmillan), an account of travel and archaeological research in Asiatic Turkey fourteen years ago. Miss Bell made her journey during the revolutionary period when much was hoped for the Young Turkish party. The world-outlook has changed, but the book has won a permanent place. "Amurath to Amurath" may count kin with British Imperialism, inasmuch as it was dedicated to the late Lord Cromer in remembrance of the fact that "the return of prosperity to the peoples of the Near East began with his administration of Egypt."


TEN YEARS AGO: A DOCUMENT THAT PLUNGED EUROPE IN BLOOD.

Ich befinne hiermit: Das Deutsche Heer und die Kaiserliche Marine sind nach Maßgabe des Mobilisierungsplanes für das Deutsche Heer und die Kaiserliche Marine Kriegsbereit aufzutreten.

Der 2. August 1914 wird als erster Mobilisierungstag festgesetzt. — Berlin, den 1. August 1914



7.R.



*An den Reichskanzler (Reichs-Marineminister) und den Kriegsminister.
Herr:*

BEARING THE SIGNATURES OF THE KAISER AND THE CHANCELLOR (THE LATE HERR BETHMANN HOLLWEG):
THE ORDER FOR MOBILISATION OF THE GERMAN ARMY AND NAVY, SIGNED IN BERLIN ON AUGUST 1, 1914.

Just ten years ago—on August 1, 1914—Kaiser William II. signed this fateful document, which plunged Europe in blood for over four years. It nullified that other "scrap of paper" to which the Chancellor, the late Herr Bethmann Hollweg, whose signature is seen below that of the ex-Kaiser, referred in his historic interview with the British Ambassador. Three copies of the mobilisation order were made, one for the Chancellor himself, and one each for the Ministers of War and Marine. One of these copies ultimately came into the possession of a Danish Press agency, from which we obtained a reproduction of it. The

translation is as follows: "I hereby order that the German Army and the Imperial Navy be placed on a war footing, in accordance with the scheme of mobilisation. August 2, 1914, shall be fixed as the first day of mobilisation. Berlin. 1 August, 1914. Wilhelm, I.R. (Imperator Rex). Bethmann Hollweg. To the Imperial Chancellor, the Minister of Marine, and the Minister of War." The order was signed at five o'clock in the afternoon, not without some misgivings on the part of the Kaiser. According to his own account, he took up his pen three times, and dropped it again, before finally writing his signature.

THE YACHTING "NAVY" READY FOR COWES REGATTA: A UNIQUE ASSEMBLAGE OF REMARKABLE CRAFT.

DRAWN BY FRANK

H. MASON, R.B.A.



YACHTS OF MANY TYPES OFF RYDE: (L. TO R.) BACKGROUND—"ATLANTIC," "SUNBEAM," (STEAM YACHT), "FANTOME II" (BARQUE), AND MARCONI'S "ELETTRA";

Mr. Frank Mason's drawing shows a unique assemblage of remarkable yachts which was to be seen off Ryde Pier on the occasion of the recent Naval Review at Spithead. Cowes Regatta is, of course, a familiar rendezvous for the pleasure craft of the wealthy, but it is seldom that so many can be seen together at one anchorage as those gathered to attend the Spithead Review, just prior to Cowes Week. Conspicuous in the picture is "Fantome II," a barque which was originally a trading vessel, converted by the Duke of Westminster, and recently acquired by the Hon. Ernest Guinness, whose flotilla likewise comprises the auxiliary ketch "Fantome I," two converted M.L.s (of the type seen above, left foreground), and a speedy coastal motor-boat (right foreground), of the kind which made a sensational appearance in the war. The steam yacht "Ave Maria," which was originally a trawler, and is also seen in the picture, belongs



"CUTTY SARK" (A CONVERTED DESTROYER), "CETONIA" (SCHOONER), "AVE MARIA" (STEAM YACHT), "FANTOME II" (BARQUE), AND MARCONI'S "ELETTRA"; FOREGROUND—A CONVERTED MOTOR-LAUNCH AND A FAST COASTAL MOTOR-BOAT.

to the Hon. Walter Guinness; while the schooner "Cetonia," now owned by Mr. G. A. Tonge, belonged recently to Lord Iveagh. The Guinness family is undoubtedly conspicuous for its devotion to the sea, for other members of it are owners of still more yachts than those just mentioned. A notable vessel in the group which the artist has depicted is "Sunbeam," Lord Brassey's famous old yacht, now owned by Sir Walter Runciman, Bt.; while on the left is seen "Atlantic," the largest and perhaps the most beautiful schooner-yacht afloat, which belongs to General C. Vanderbilt. Other interesting vessels in this remarkable assembly were Senator Marconi's well-known "Elettra," and "Cutty Sark," an example of a type which must surely be new in the history of yachts—a converted destroyer. She has no resemblance, it need hardly be said, to the famous old tea-clipper whose name she bears.—(Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.)

AS IT IS AT COWES: THE YACHTSMAN IN HIS ELEMENT.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL.



THE CREW OF
A BIG CLASS
RACER:
A TYPICAL GROUP
ON THE DECK
OF ONE OF THE
LARGER YACHTS
IN
A REGATTA.



ON BOARD
"LULWORTH"
IN A BLOW:
THE DECK OF A
BIG RACING
YACHT TILTED
AT A
HIGH ANGLE
IN A
STRONG WIND

With the recurrence of Cowes Regatta, the great annual yachting festival, which began on August 4, the interest of the sporting world has been centred once more on the Solent and the craft, of all sizes, which compete in the various events. The two remarkably fine photographs reproduced above will

give the uninitiated a very good idea of the conditions aboard one of the larger yachts during a race in a stiff breeze. To those who look at them with an expert eye they will doubtless recall many a thrilling struggle, and provide material for comparing notes on technical points.

COWES REGATTA: THE KING ABOARD HIS YACHT IN A RACE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FARRINGTON PHOTO CO. AND SPORT AND GENERAL.



THE KING AT THE ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON AT COWES ON THE OPENING DAY OF THE REGATTA: HIS MAJESTY WITH THE DUKE OF LEEDS (RIGHT).



WITH THE KING AND THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT ABOARD: THE ROYAL CUTTER "BRITANNIA" RACING AT COWES REGATTA.



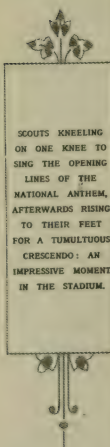
THE KING AS YACHTSMAN: HIS MAJESTY ABOARD HIS FAMOUS CUTTER "BRITANNIA," THEN COMPETING IN THE OPENING EVENT OF COWES WEEK—THE REGATTA OF THE ROYAL LONDON YACHT CLUB, ON BANK HOLIDAY.

Cowes Week opened on August 4 (the tenth anniversary of the beginning of the War) with the usual Bank Holiday Regatta of the Royal London Yacht Club. The King, with the Duke of Connaught, sailed on board his Majesty's famous cutter, "Britannia," in the first event, a handicap for yachts of any rig exceeding 75 tons. The other two competitors were Sir C. C. Allom's "White Heather" and Sir Thomas Lipton's "Shamrock," and the course was one of

about 39 miles, twice round the Solent Bank and North-East Middle buoys, and back to the starting line. "Britannia" and "Shamrock" started scratch, allowing "White Heather" 2 min. 36 sec. "Britannia" took the lead at the start, but the breeze was insufficient to enable her to concede the time allowance. The result was that "White Heather" won, and "Britannia" was second. The Duke of Leeds is Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron.

THE GREAT JAMBOREE AT WEMBLEY: 12,000 SCOUTS AT A

PHOTOGRAPHS BY



SCOUTS KNEELING ON ONE KNEE TO SING THE OPENING LINES OF THE NATIONAL ANTHEM, AFTERWARDS RISING TO THEIR FEET FOR A TUMULTUOUS CRESCENDO: AN IMPRESSIVE MOMENT IN THE STADIUM.



AT THE GREAT THANKSGIVING SERVICE OF THE SCOUTS IN THE STADIUM AT WEMBLEY: THE GROUP ON THE DAIS, INCLUDING THE PRINCE OF WALES, THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK (RIGHT), AND THE CHIEF SCOUT, SIR ROBERT BADEN-POWELL (LEFT).

The great Imperial Jamboree of the Boy Scouts was opened by the Duke of Connaught at Wembley on August 1. It began with a grand entry into the Stadium of scouts from the Dominions, Colonies, and the Mother Country. The Scouts then gathered in a circle round the Duke at the saluting point, and all knelt on one knee to sing the opening lines of the National Anthem. They began quietly, but with the succeeding bars of the music all rose to their feet and concluded the singing in a tumultuous crescendo that was immensely impressive. On the next day (Saturday, August 2), the Prince of Wales opened the Jamboree in the Stadium, and spent that night in camp with the Scouts at Wembley Paddocks (as illustrated on the following double-page). On the Sunday

THANKSGIVING SERVICE BEFORE THE PRINCE OF WALES.

I.B., C.N., AND G.P.U.



THE CULMINATING MOMENT OF THE THANKSGIVING SERVICE: THE RENEWAL OF THE SCOUTS' PROMISE BY THE 12,000 SCOUTS IN THE STADIUM—HOLDING UP THEIR HANDS AND FLAGS WITH A LOUD "I WILL," AFTER THE CHIEF SCOUT HAD SPOKEN THE WORDS OF THE PROMISE THROUGH LOUD SPEAKERS.

the Prince, with the Archbishop of York and the Chief Scout, General Sir Robert Baden-Powell, attended a great Thanksgiving Service in the Stadium, at which there were 12,000 Scouts and 25,000 spectators. After the Archbishop and the Prince in turn had given inspiring addresses, the Chief Scout repeated, through loud speakers, the words of the Scout Promise: "On my honour I promise that I will do my best—To do my duty to God and the King; To help other people at all times; To obey the Scout Law." For a few seconds there was deep silence, and then the whole body of Scouts, who had lowered their flags, suddenly rose, and, holding their hands and flags aloft, joined in uttering the words "I will."

IN CAMEL'S-HAIR ROBE ON A TREE-TRUNK: THE PRINCE AT THE SCOUTS' CAMP-FIRE "SING-SONG."

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. TURNER.



LISTENING TO SCOTTISH SCOUTS SINGING "THE ROAD TO THE ISLES": THE PRINCE OF WALES (CENTRE), WITH THE CHIEF SCOUT, SIR ROBERT BADEN-POWELL (LEFT) AND THE CAMP COMMANDANT, LORD GLANUSK (RIGHT) IN CAMP AT WEMBLEY.

The Boy Scouts of the Empire assembled at Wembley were immensely proud to have the Prince of Wales with them on the evening of Saturday, August 2, when he spent the night in camp, after attending a "sing-song" round the camp fire of blazing logs. At 9 p.m. the Prince was piped by Highland Scouts to a raised dais by the camp fire, which was surrounded by more than 12,000 Scouts of all nationalities. After the Welsh Scouts had sung "God Bless the Prince of Wales," the order "Squat!" was given by the Camp Commandant, and the "sing-song" began. The drawing shows the great circle of Scouts round the roaring camp fire, while the Scottish Scouts are singing "The Road to the Isles." The Prince, wrapped in an Indian blanket, smokes his pipe. On his right is Sir Robert Baden-Powell, the Chief Scout, and on his left the Camp Commandant, Lord Glanusk. The seat occupied by the Prince (a tree trunk) bore an Indian

inscription to "Chief Morning Star." The Prince's blanket, worn over his uniform as Chief Scout of Wales, is described as "a camp-fire robe woven of soft camel's hair and decorated with the head and claws of a tiger embroidered in silk." During the evening he took part in a Highland Reel. The lights of the tent in which he slept are seen in the left background. The programme of the sing-song was as follows. The Staff, "The Three Wood-Pigeons"; Sussex, "Sussex by the Sea"; Australia, Yells; Scotland, "Ho Ro My Nut-Brown Maiden"; Liverpool, "London's Burning"; Bombay, Yell; West Country, "Uncle Tom Cobleigh"; Panama, Song; Jersey, "Clameur d'Honneur"; Lancashire, Song; Scotland, "The Road to the Isles"; South Africa, Yells; Notts, "Under the Spreading Chestnut Tree"; Australia, "Waltzing Matilda"; Scotland and Wales, "The Animals' Fair."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

"THE BIGGEST CAMP OF SCOUTS"; AND THE IMPERIAL JAMBOREE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., L.N.A., TOPICAL, AND I.B.



WHERE THE PRINCE OF WALES SPENT A NIGHT UNDER CANVAS: THE GREAT SCOUT CAMP AT WEMBLEY PADDOCKS, SEEN FROM AN AEROPLANE.



OUTSIDE THE PRINCE'S TENT: (L. TO R.) THE CHIEF SCOUT (SIR ROBERT BADEN-POWELL), THE PRINCE OF WALES, AND LORD GLANUSK, CAMP COMMANDANT.



A HIGHLAND DANCE PERFORMED BY TWO THOUSAND KILTED SCOTTISH SCOUTS: ONE OF THE MOST PICTURESQUE EVENTS OF THE IMPERIAL JAMBOREE IN THE STADIUM AT WEMBLEY.



HEADED BY THEIR BANNER-BEARERS IN PROUD PROCESSION: THE SCOTTISH SCOUTS MARCHING INTO THE STADIUM AT WEMBLEY DURING THE GREAT JAMBOREE.



SUMMONING THE SCOUTS TO THE THANKSGIVING SERVICE: ASSISTANT SCOUT-MASTER G. A. MACKAY, OF THE IRISH FREE STATE CONTINGENT, PLAYING THE BELLS IN THE STADIUM.

There were many picturesque episodes in the great Jamboree, two sessions of which were given every day while it lasted. Among the incidents were Highland dances by the Scottish Scouts, a game of hurley by Scouts of the Irish Free State, and a complete demonstration of Scout-craft by the Ulster contingent. As already mentioned, the Prince of Wales opened the Jamboree on August 2, and in the evening, at the end of the camp fire "sing-song" (illustrated on the previous double-page), during which he danced a reel with the Aberdeen Scouts, he said: "I have not much breath left to make a speech, but I want to say how happy I

am to be spending this night with you in this wonderful camp—the biggest camp of Scouts there has ever been—with Scouts from all over the Empire, and from the Old Country. I want you to give three cheers for the Chief Scout, because it is to him we owe this gathering, and it is to him that we owe the inception of Scouting. Give him three of the best cheers you have ever given." The Prince then led a great outburst of cheering for Lieut.-General Sir Robert Baden-Powell, and, after the singing of the National Anthem, was piped to his quarters for the night.

HOPE FOR LULWORTH COVE: ANOTHER SITE FOR TANK GUNNERY?

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"DESIGNED BY NATURE AS A MODEL TO ILLUSTRATE THE FACTS OF GEOLOGY": CLIFFS NEAR LULWORTH COVE—FROM ABOVE ARISH MELL TO WORBARROW BAY AND RINGS HILL, SO CALLED BECAUSE CROWNED BY AN ANCIENT BRITISH CAMP.



THE GEOLOGICAL INTEREST OF THE DORSET COAST NEAR LULWORTH COVE: DURDLÉ DOOR (RIGHT BACKGROUND), A SHARP RIDGE OF PORTLAND ROCK, WITH ITS LOWER NECK OF SOFT WEALDEN EARTHS AND GREENSAND, DOOMED TO DISAPPEAR BY EROSION.

The public protest against the proposal of the War Office to establish a tank gunnery school near Lulworth Cove, the famous Dorset beauty-spot, appears likely to be successful. Mr. Stephen Walsh, the Secretary for War, who was subjected to a fire of questions on the subject in the House of Commons on August 4, stated that he would be prepared to stay proceedings as soon as the owners of the land granted a short lease, during the period of which an alternative site could be sought for, and he hoped that one would be found. He added that the War Office did not propose to buy more land than they had occupied for some years, that it did not include Lulworth

Cove itself, and that two Members of the late Army Council had reported that the amenities of the Cove would be little affected. There was no desire to "flout public opinion," as had been suggested. Viscount Curzon asked whether the firing of 6-pounder shells, sometimes 4000 yards out to sea, would not interfere with the amenities. Mr. J. Archer, whose photographs above show the beauty of the coast, points out that it is also of extraordinary geological interest. "One could almost imagine the locality," he writes, "to have been designed by Nature as a model to illustrate the elementary facts of the science."

PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY L.N.A., C.N., FARRINGTON PHOTO CO., KEYSTONE VIEW CO., RUSSELL, LAFAYETTE, ANNAN (GLASGOW), AND BASSANO.



WHERE THE PRINCE OF WALES TOOK PART IN THE CEREMONY OF CROWNING THE BARD:
THE WELSH EISTEDDFOD OPENED AT PONTYPOOL.



THE IRISH BOUNDARY PROBLEM: PRESIDENT COSGRAVE
(LEFT) IN DOWNING STREET WITH MR. J. H. THOMAS,
COLONIAL SECRETARY, WHO LATER WENT TO DUBLIN.



ATTENDED BY THE PREMIER AND OTHER MINISTERS: THE WEDDING
OF THE HOME SECRETARY'S DAUGHTER, MISS ELEANOR HENDERSON—
BRIDE, GROOM, AND BRIDESMAIDS.



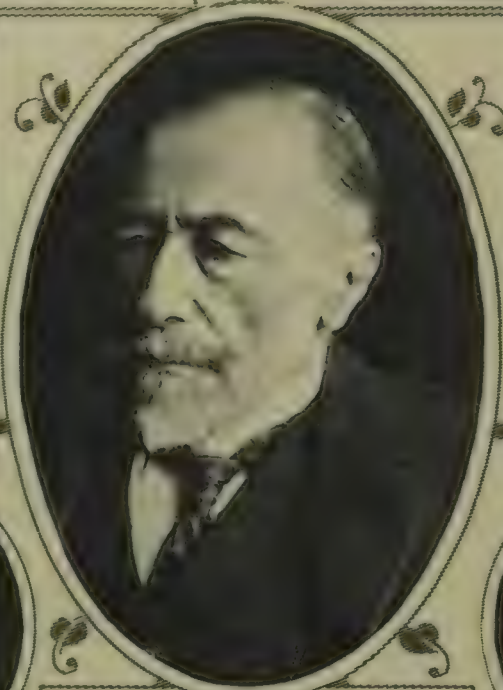
THE GERMAN DELEGATES TO THE LONDON CONFERENCE ARRIVE AT HARWICH:
DR. MARX, CHANCELLOR (RIGHT), DR. LUTHER, FINANCE MINISTER (LEFT), AND
DR. STRESEMANN, FOREIGN MINISTER (SECOND FROM LEFT).



THE NEW GOVERNOR OF
MAURITIUS: SIR HERBERT
JAMES READ.



NEW PERMANENT UNDER-
SECRETARY FOR INDIA:
SIR ARTHUR HIRTZEL.



A GREAT MODERN NOVELIST OF THE SEA:
THE LATE MR. JOSEPH CONRAD.



OF FUEL ECONOMY FAME:
THE LATE SIR GEORGE
BEILBY.



APPOINTED BISHOP OF BIR-
MINGHAM: CANON E. W.
BARNES.



CHAIRMAN OF THE SOUTHERN
RAILWAY: THE LATE SIR
HUGH DRUMMOND.



A CONSERVATIVE GAIN: MR.
A. W. DEAN, M.P., ELECTED
FOR THE HOLLAND DIVISION.

This year's Eisteddfod was held, for the first time, at Pontypool, in Monmouthshire. The Prince of Wales arranged to be present on August 5 to be invested as a member of the Gorsedd.—President Cosgrave, of the Irish Free State, recently visited London for a conference on the Ulster boundary crisis, and later the Colonial Secretary (Mr. J. H. Thomas), and the Home Secretary (Mr. Arthur Henderson) went to Dublin, to discuss the proposed Bill to amend the Irish Treaty.—The wedding of Miss Eleanor Henderson, the Home Secretary's daughter, to Mr. R. S. Gledhill, at Hinde Street Wesleyan Church, Manchester Square, on July 31, was attended by the Premier and most of the Cabinet. The bridesmaids were Miss Peggy Thomas, Miss Jessie Barnes, Miss Eleanor Castle, and Miss Daisy Dale.—The German Delegates invited to the London Conference on the Dawes Report regarding Reparations arrived on August 5.—Sir Herbert Read has been

Assistant Under-Secretary at the Colonial Office since 1916.—Sir Arthur Hirtzel has been Deputy Under-Secretary for India since 1921.—Sir Hugh Drummond was actively associated with the L. and S. W. R. for some twenty-five years, and had been Chairman of the Southern Railway since the new grouping of lines.—Mr. Joseph Conrad was a Pole, and his real name was Joseph Conrad Korzeniowski. He was for many years in the British Merchant Service, and his experiences provided material for his stories. He was a remarkable example of literary eminence in an acquired language.—Sir George Beilby became Director of Fuel Research in 1917, and established the Fuel Research station at East Greenwich.—Canon Barnes became a Canon of Westminster in 1918, and had previously been Master of the Temple. He is a distinguished mathematician.—Mr. A. W. Dean has for many years been a magistrate and County Councillor for Kesteven.



IMAGINARY VIEWS OF THE VENUSIAN CONDITIONS, WHICH ARE BELIEVED TO RESEMBLE THE TERRESTRIAL TO A MARKED DEGREE. *Swinton Ballou del.*

up to a height of seventy miles. Lagging behind the earth's rotation, they took a fortnight to accomplish a single rotation. A few observers in the past have assigned a rotation period of about $23\frac{1}{2}$ hours for the actual surface of Venus, but the evidence is not decisive. Judging, however, from analogy, the twenty-day period, as found at Mount Wilson, would correspond to a Venusian day similar in length to ours. Venus receives twice the amount of solar heat that we do, but its surface is shielded by a more extensive cloud envelope. In high latitudes the climate is probably productive of abundant vegetation and teeming animal life. The poles are covered by a white deposit resembling our polar snows."—(Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.)

The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

ANGLO-AMERICAN BOUQUETS.—A NEW PROFESSION.

"MR. HORNBLLOW goes to the Theatre" is a household saying in New York. For Arthur Hornblow, Englishman by birth, is the editor of the great *Theatre Magazine*—the finest of its kind, with an enormous circulation—and a critic appreciated for the independence, the fairness, and the discretion of his judgment.

But Mr. Hornblow does not only go to the theatre in New York; he keeps abreast of the European movement, and every summer sees him in London and Paris spending a well-earned holiday as the good "busman" does, at the play. Lately he has been doing a round in London, and great is his praise of our actors and actresses. When he saw Miss Edith Evans in "Tiger Cats," he exclaimed: "What an artist, that Edith Evans! She would carry the world before her in New York. If you know her, tell her that I predict a triumph for her in America." (And so say all of us!)

When he went to the Court and saw Eden Phillpotts's delectable "Farmer's Wife," he was full of praise for play and *ensemble*. He agreed that it is one of the best English comedies of modern times. It should in course of time be shipped to New York, lock, stock, and barrel. It would appeal not only to those who trip to Europe year by year, but to the American public at large. Its humour is universal. Of "The Fake," he said, what so many of us felt, that for the first time murder had been committed under humanly, if not legally, justifiable circumstances. One leaves the theatre in sympathy with the hero. He admired the fine virility, the restraint, of Mr. Godfrey Tearle, and the quiet dignity of Miss Henrietta Watson; and, with all of us, he considered the impersonation of the secret drunkard of Mr. Bellamy masterly. The pathology of the case was perfection, and the sly little ways, the sudden transitions from suavity to temper, were as impressive as they were true to life. Of Mr. Milne's new play, he made the observation that it was conversationally entertaining, but that the story was both too thin and not very original. He remarked generally on Mr. Milne's work that there was a tendency to rely entirely on dialogue and to neglect the story, which would greatly militate against success in America.

Comparing our acting with the American stage, he acknowledged, in the first place, that our men are generally superior to our women. There is more equality in America. And he added that we over here hardly knew the distinguished actresses "over there" even by name. Which is quite true. Pauline Lord is one of the few real American stars who has visited London and played here. Many come over as onlookers during the season and pass unnoticed. He found that, particularly in comedy, the Americans excelled in technique. There was greater vivacity on the American stage. On the other hand, he paid a tribute to the distinction of our actors. Recalling some scenes, we agreed that nowhere in the world was to be found such refinement of manner and speech—such perfect ladies and gentlemen, as commonplace description goes. One remark struck me in particular. Talking about a young and gifted actress who desires to go to America, he said that her accent—her English accent—might stand in the way. She would sound foreign on the American stage. This reflects peculiarly on the mentality of the American playgoer. We over here are more malleable in that respect. At first, when an American star appears in the midst of our companies, we may find the accent strange, but we soon settle down to it. We hardly notice it as the play proceeds. Perhaps the many Americans that flood the country in the summer have attuned our ear.

Generally Mr. Hornblow was impressed by the quality of the plays running just now in London. There was much worth seeing, and this is evidence of

progress. I feel sure that when he returns to New York he will tell his readers that "Mr. Hornblow went to the theatre in London and found joy in the harvest!"

She came into the office, flung herself into an easy-chair, and said, with despair in her eyes and a

smattering of London ones, and my acquaintance with most people in the profession—for the good that does me! Most of them are too anxious to look after themselves; some of the best are out of work; they have no time to lend me a helping hand—they want one themselves!"

The girl who spoke was in appearance and experience beyond the ordinary rank and file. She had been carefully trained in London and Paris—her people had money then. In London she had two teachers known to fame; in Paris she had studied a year at the Conservatoire. She spoke French almost without an accent; German too. She was as familiar with Hauptmann as with Shakespeare. She had even made a little trip to Moscow and followed the performances at the Art Theatre. At eighteen she knew about the European theatre the best worth knowing. Then the educational career came to a sudden end: her father died. She had to go into harness forthwith, and to sit on agents' staircases until she got a provincial engagement. "Well," I said, "what about swapping the saddle—what do you intend to do now—dressmaking, shorthand and typing?" I insinuated smilingly.

"I hate the needle and I can't do the other two. No, I'm going to try my luck in another way, I'm going to advertise myself as an expert: 'Rehearsal Surveyor'!"

"You don't follow me? Let me explain. Has it occurred to you how many plays fail, or achieve but a partial success, on a first night because something vital has escaped the eye of the producer or the manager—that a scene goes wrong because it is over-elaborated; that an act fails on account of anti-climax; that a costume of a leading character blurs or mars a picture; that there are jars in the dialogue; or that something innocent on paper becomes in bad taste when spoken or acted? Now you will say that: these things should be corrected by those who watch the rehearsals. It seems obvious. But the contrary is the case—and why? Because after many rehearsals, all concerned become so saturated—I would say 'fed up'—with the play and all that concerns it that their mind becomes benumbed, their vision blurred.

"Now, I say," she continued, "that such mishaps can be averted, if the management were well advised to call in at the last rehearsals someone who is new to the play; who knows the business of the stage; who has the sense of the theatre; whose mind is so sensitive to dialogue, colour, effect—in fine, all the idiosyncrasies that influence the playgoer—that at a glance, as it were, he can discover what may be amiss. I for one—it is no boast, merely the result of experience and study at rehearsals—have a mind so attuned. I see at once where there is a flaw in the picture. I scent anti-climax as by instinct. I know exactly when the curtain should come down and no word more be said. Of course I am not infallible, but I fancy that in my mind I crystallise all the feelings and sensations of the public. Ere this, dramatic critics brought to rehearsals have called the attention of producers to faults which escaped them, and thereby saved plays. I, adopting this new profession, feel sure that I can prevent many a failure. All I want to do is to be to the theatre what the specialist is to the general practitioner—the fresh, experienced head that diagnoses the case untrammelled by routine. If I can but get a start, I am sure to become an institution—until others pick up the new profession and follow in my footsteps. Don't you think there is a 'market' for me?"

"I won't commit myself," said I prudently, "but it seems a very clever idea. I will send it forth to the World of the Theatre. Pray leave me your address—in case . . ."



THE INVALID SUSPECTED OF MURDER BECAUSE HE WAS PROVED TO HAVE LEFT HIS CHAIR: MR. C. AUBREY SMITH AS EDWIN LATTER, IN "THE CREAKING CHAIR," AT THE COMEDY.

"The Creaking Chair," by Allene Tupper Wilkes, revised by Roland Pertwee, is an exciting mystery play concerning the murder of a woman. As usual, various characters are in turn suspected of the crime, including the invalid, Edwin Latter, and his Anglo-Egyptian wife.

Photographs by Stage Photo. Co.



"WHEN I GET MY HAND ON THE GUILTY PARTY'S SHOULDER": MISS TALLULAH BANKHEAD AS ANITA LATTER, IN "THE CREAKING CHAIR," AT THE COMEDY THEATRE.

smile on her lips, "I'm going to swap saddles—I have done with acting. Imagine it: ten years on the stage—from my eighteenth—ten years in the provinces, town in, town out, trunk packed, trunk unpacked. Two chances in town. I a success, the plays a failure. What have I got to show for it? Nothing but this—a book of provincial Press notices with a

WHERE ENGLAND'S GOLD HAS GONE: A GLUT OF BULLION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PRESS ILLUSTRATING SERVICE, INC., NEW YORK.



SHOVELLING ENGLISH GOLD INTO THE MELTING-POT AT THE U.S. ASSAY OFFICE, NEW YORK: AN EXCESS OF BULLION SAID TO BE CAUSING ALARM TO AMERICAN BANKERS, MERCHANTS, AND MANUFACTURERS.

1.

IT has been reported recently that American business men are becoming anxious about the state of affairs produced by the glut of gold, which has been pouring into the United States from Great Britain and elsewhere, and is said to be having an adverse effect on American commerce. "America," says one writer, "is being choked in a great torrent of gold. All the world's gold continues to descend on her in a cataract. Her flood of accumulated gold rises higher and higher. It is a paradox not only of worthless wealth, but of wealth that is worse than poverty, for her trade and industry are being drowned in this gold flood. Reports of bankers, merchants, and manufacturers show the alarm that is being felt throughout the United States. There is a growing conviction among Americans that the only way the peril can be surmounted is by aiding in the rehabilitation of Europe and thus reopening markets." The position appears to be mainly a result of the settlement of the British debt to the

(Continued in Box 2.)



SHOWING THE HUGE WEIGHTS (ON THE LEFT) REQUIRED TO BALANCE THE GOLD—A HEAVY METAL: WEIGHING THE GOLD AFTER CONVERSION INTO BARS.

2.

United States. Alluding to this aspect of the matter, Lieut.-Col. A. A. Somerville, M.P. for the Windsor Division, wrote a few days ago: "Certain critics tell us that Mr. Baldwin has tied a millstone round the neck of the British taxpayer for the next two generations. But they must be foolish or forgetful, for in the next breath they tell us that our payments are choking the American Federal Reserve banks with gold to such an extent that America will soon have either to ask Great Britain to cease paying interest on her war debt, or to purchase large quantities of British goods. These latter prophecies are somewhat inconsistent with the millstone theory. If either of them comes true, Mr. Baldwin will be greatly justified. In any case, his action has decisively increased American respect for Britain and British financial honour, as I found in a visit to the States last autumn. That respect [Colonel Somerville concludes] is surely invaluable to London as the financial world centre."

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

THERE were members of Goodwood house parties who turned restive about going to Goodwood the first day. It was hardly to be wondered at, because it had rained almost without cessation for twenty-four hours, and from the time it consented to stop there were still heavy showers. Yet the stay-at-homes missed one of the most delightful days possible up on the Sussex Downs. There was a breeze, the sun came out, and white, fleecy clouds chased each other over the bluest of skies, making shadows on the very green sward and over the varied foliage of the trees and lines of purple heather. Even as to the function socially and from the sport point of view, those who were not brave enough to brave the weather scored a miss.

The King, looking very gay and jolly, arrived with the Queen and the Duke of Richmond and Gordon and the Duchess of Northumberland at one o'clock, and were well cheered by the waiting crowd. The King wore a dark-blue suit, a white carnation in the buttonhole, and a blue and red tie, with a black bowler hat. Before the race for the Stewards' Cup his Majesty walked through the Paddock with Major Featherstonhaugh to see Weathervane, which beautiful little horse had no success. The Queen looked splendid in a long enveloping cloak of pastel-pink velvet embroidered in gold and bronze and silver, and having a beautiful chinchilla collar. A silver tissue hat was worn, with grey velvet round the crown, and in front a high panache of small grey ostrich feathers rising near the front at one side. Very happy the Queen seemed, talking to the Duke of Northumberland and to other members of the house party—most, however, to the Duke of Richmond and Gordon and the Duchess of Northumberland, who looked delightful in black with a white fur collar, and a pale-green hat trimmed with white gardenias. I write white advisedly, for there are deep écreu and brown varieties of this favourite flower. Lord Lonsdale is, however, constant to the white for his buttonhole, as is the King to a white carnation.

Dress was not so summer-like as the day, but that was not to be wondered at, for the day was so much better than its promise. The Duchess of West-

embroidered all over in a little Egyptianesque design in brown and dark-blue. Lord Dalmeny was with his bride, who wore one of the new woven silk dresses in one piece, the design in narrow lines of all shades of blue and green and cream-colour and russet. A green hat was worn.



A practical coat and skirt in sand-coloured tweed, designed and carried out by Aquascutum, 126, Regent Street, W. (See page 286.)

The business of the meeting was, of course, backing horses, and discussions on what was best to do were rife on every side. There were undoubtedly some surprises, and one heard a great many male equivalents to that detestable sentence, "I told you so," and, to balance it, some feminine crows that were certainly more lucky than that performance is proverbially said to be on the part of hens. The Countess of Brecknock looked dainty and lovely in fawn-colour; and Mrs. Dudley Coats and her sister, Mrs. Howard, were much admired. The first day at Goodwood produced, indeed, a charming crop of pretty people.

The second day was absolutely perfect—warm, with a nice refreshing breeze—and, with confidence restored, a delightful show of summer dresses. No one was more beautifully turned out than the Queen. Her Majesty's cream-coloured crêpe-de-Chine dress was embroidered in a light design like grass and fern sprays with seed-pearls and silk. There was a little shaped drapery at the back loose from the shoulders to the waist of similar embroidery. A hat of nemophila-blue and gold tissue was worn with a diamond and sapphire ornament run through the brim folds. Diamond and sapphire ear-rings and neck ornaments were worn, and a very pretty blue sunshade shot with silver-grey was carried. On arrival, her Majesty was wearing a long silk cloak almost pale-fawn in tone, finished with sweeping silk fringes the same colour. There was unmistakable pleasure in the King's and Queen's faces as they passed through congratulatory crowds in the Paddock to see London Cry unsaddled. Prince Henry was with the King, and the Duchess of Northumberland, the Countess of Mar and Kellie, and Lady Elphinstone, escorted by Sir Bryan Godfrey Faussett, with the Queen.

There were far more people than on the first day. Lady Diana Cooper was much observed as she walked across the Paddock with her husband, wearing a full long dress, transparent almost to the knees, of écreu grass lawn embroidered in brown silk in a small sprigged design. The sleeves were transparent, the style rather of the early days of Queen Victoria. A brown lace and tulle hat was worn, also in the early Victorian scheme, and a brown sunshade was carried.

It was a complete picture, with écreu stockings and russet-red shoes, and Lady Diana knew how to carry the picture as pictures should be carried.

The Marchioness of Milford Haven and her sister, Lady Zia Wernher, made a duet in yellow ochre, orange, and pale gold. Lady Dalmeny wore a printed gauze dress in panther-like colouring, the pattern, paradoxically enough, of tea-roses. A brown hat was worn. White was worn by many women and girls. The Duchess of Northumberland was in a soft and lovely shade of green, and wore a black hat. There were few wraps that were not almost immediately laid aside. Lace was not so much worn as gauze, thin crêpes, and muslin. Lady Curzon of Kedleston, in palest-grey crêpe-de-Chine pleated as to skirt, with a cloak to match wrapped round her, wore a small pale-pastel-blue felt hat with a cut ostrich feather brush protruding below her left ear.

The Prince of Wales's arrival in the Duke of Richmond and Gordon's private stand in the Members' Enclosure on Cup Day at Goodwood was soon noticed by the crowd on the course. They had cheered themselves hoarse over the King and Queen, and broke out afresh when they saw the Prince. The weather proved kind again, and there was a great crowd. The Queen, over cream-coloured lace and net, wore a purely white coat of zibeline silk, with a deep collar and border of white fox fur, and a hat of pale-blue and silver tissue. Diamond and sapphire ornaments were worn. The King was in tweeds and a pale-grey bowler hat, and wore a grey tie—not his racing colours, as he had no horse entered. The Prince was in grey tweeds, and wore a blue-and-white pin stripe collar and cuffs, and a blue tie, with a black bowler hat. The King was in the paddock, but I did not see the Prince after his arrival, and I did not see the Queen leave the stand except for lunch. The Duke and Duchess of Northumberland had two sons with them and two little daughters. The Duke of Richmond took the two girls into the paddock, one holding each of his hands: quaint, wee figures in green frocks and saffron-brown coats and hats, the latter trimmed with green. The Greek Princesses, Theodora and Margaret, sat in the paddock seats, few and much coveted, with the Marchioness



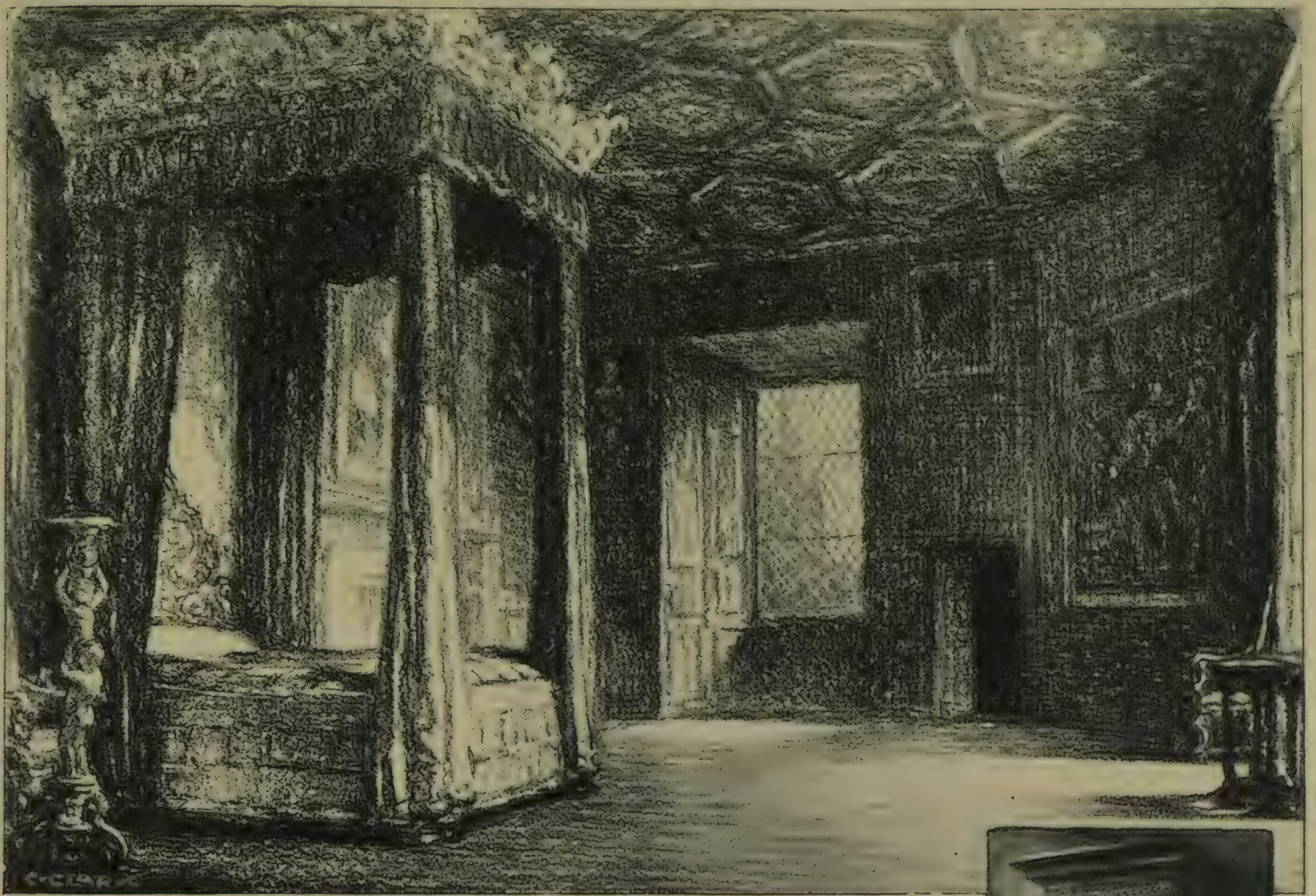
The "Polo-Tennis" sports wrap in camel hair fleece, lightly overchecked with nigger. It hails from Aquascutum. (See page 286.)

minster had the neatest of dark-blue serge suits, and a charming little plain cloche-shaped dark-blue hat. Lady Stanley was almost exactly the same in dress. The Duchess of Norfolk was in grey, with a black-and-white silk scarf and a grey hat. Lady Rachel Howard wore a one-piece dress of black soft material



A distinctive travelling coat in navy gabardine, lined and collared with fur. It must be placed to the credit of Aquascutum. (See page 286.)

of Milford Haven, Lady Louis Mountbatten, and the Countess of Brecknock, a group of very pretty people, and all in pretty frocks and hats. It was a day of lovely gowns and hats. There were, of course, many that were unlovely, but which only served to show up the beauty of the others. A. E. L.



Holyroodhouse—Mary, Queen of Scots' Bedroom.

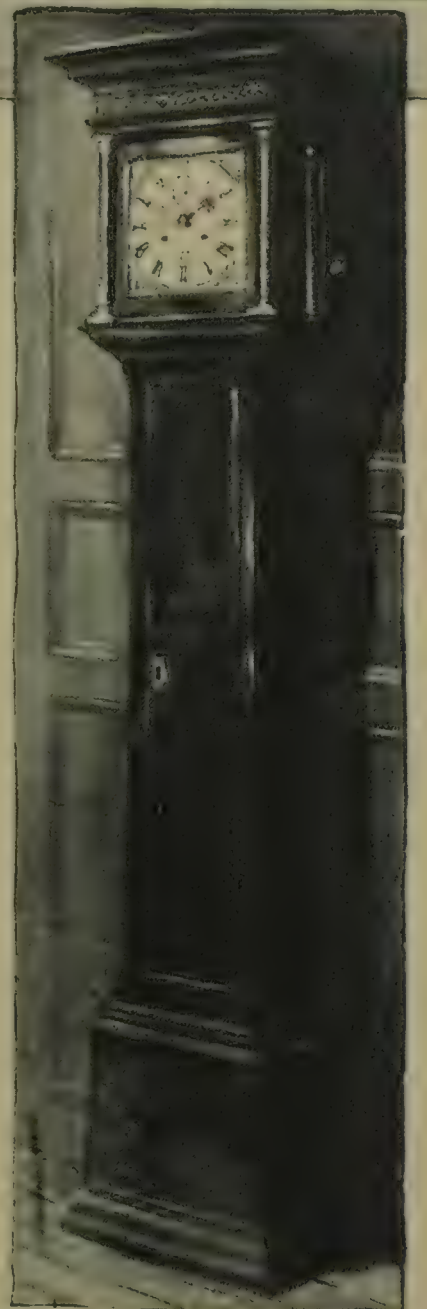
The Black Rood of Scotland

LEGEND has it that David I. of Scotland founded an Abbey at Holyrood as a thank-offering for a miraculous escape from death. Unseated while hunting, a mysterious flaming cross appeared to protect him from being gored by an angry hart. More probably, however, the Abbey was built by this same King to house the famous gold cross, said to contain a splinter of the true Cross and known as the Black Rood. This national emblem was carried before the Scottish armies into battle, but was captured by the English and lost during the Reformation.

Holyroodhouse early became the abode of the Scottish Kings, and its history almost epitomises that of Scotland. Many times it has been partially destroyed in foray or riot, but there yet remain portions of each period to interest the antiquarian and student of history, notably the apartment associated with the beautiful but ill-fated Mary, Queen of Scots. Charles I. was here crowned King of Scots and what is more probable than that "John Haig" was present at the following festivities, for even then—nearly 300 years ago—this King of Scotch Whiskies was famous.



By Appointment.



Clock in Lord Darnley's room.
Late 17th century period.

Dye Ken
John Haig?

Fashions and Fancies.

Horlick's
Malted Milk.

There are few women in these strenuous days who are not continuously expending all their energies, whether in work or pleasure, and it is obvious that some counteractive force is necessary to sustain



The most tiring journey holds no terrors when one is equipped with a bottle of Horlick's Malted Milk Tablets, which replace food and drink.

the general health. Horlick's Malted Milk, which is a well-known strengthening diet for invalids, is also an excellent aid towards retaining perfect physical and mental fitness. For the busy woman it is an excellent substitute for tea and coffee, soothing and

renewing the nerve force, and conferring sound, refreshing sleep. Requiring no cooking or milk, it forms a delicious beverage which is ready at a moment's notice, and is as nourishing as a complete lunch. For children it is invaluable, and they are firm adherents of Horlick's Malted Milk, for its virtues of a strengthening digestive medicine are pleasantly disguised as a delicious nursery drink for thirsty little people. Briefly, every age derives benefits from Horlick's Malted Milk, which is obtainable in tins ranging from 2s. to 15s. In tablet form it can be secured for 7½d. or 1s. 3d., conveniently packed to slip into the hand-bag. A trial sample will be forwarded post free to all readers of this paper who apply to the Horlick's Malted Milk Company, Slough, Bucks, enclosing 3d. in stamps.

Outfits for the Scottish Moors.

Scotland is busy welcoming the first contingent of her annual visitors, and golf and shooting enthusiasts should lose no time in preparing their outfits for the moors. Naturally, Aquascutum, of 126, Regent Street, W., is a name which presents itself at once in this connection, and sketched on page 284 are a trio of new models for this season. In the centre is a practical, perfectly tailored coat and skirt of homespun in the new sand colourings, complete with useful button-up patch pockets. The "Polo-Tennis" sports wrap on the left is carried out in soft camel-hair fleece in the natural colour lightly overchecked with nigger. It is built with the new plain back, which is, nevertheless, full enough to allow complete freedom of movement. These two useful models can be obtained in any desired tweed, homespun, or cheviot. The warm travelling and motor coat pictured on the right, expressed in navy gabardine, is half-lined with fur and boasts a large fur collar. It can be made in nigger brown also, and lined with any type of fur. Another delightful innovation is the "Strathmore" Highland cape, designed with a flat belted front and two long scarf-ends in which are inserted two tiny pockets, securely buttoned.

Inexpensive Furs.

Unquestionably this is the right time of year to buy furs, for even the newest models are less expensive than during the winter season. At the International Fur Store, 163, Regent Street, W., a firm whose reputation is far-famed, there is a wonderful display of beautiful furs, including the most precious of pelts and quite inexpensive varieties which are within everyone's reach. There are exquisite pure white fox stoles made from specially selected skins ranging from £21, and long

ties of natural skunk, three strands wide, are £18 10s. Then, magnificent black bear ties, alluringly soft and silky, can be secured from £5 15s. upwards. They bring with them the pleasant assurance that the hardest wear will have no deleterious effects. Mole-skin stoles, beautifully worked and richly lined with ruched crêpe-de-Chine, are £13 10s. Short coats are again fashionable this year, and there are many fascinating models to be studied in these salons, as well as long coats of every description. For the convenience of residents in the country or abroad who are unable to make a personal visit, the International Fur Store have just issued a remarkably useful supplementary catalogue in which are listed the less costly furs. It will be sent gratis and post free to all who apply mentioning the name of this paper.

Novelty of the Week.

Perfectly tailored tweed skirts for the holidays, well pleated to allow complete freedom of movement, yet retaining the slim silhouette, can be secured for 8s. 6d. in several soft colourings. They can be obtained in many different sizes, and for the coming Scottish season and general country wear they will prove invaluable. On application to this paper I shall be pleased to give the name and address where they may be obtained.



Convalescence is swift and pleasant when aided by frequent draughts of Horlick's Malted Milk.

OSTEND

*Why not go to Ostend for your Holiday?
It is the Seaside Resort de Luxe.*

Horse Racing on 63 days for Four Million
Francs in Prizes:

August 31, Grand International Frs. 500,000

ALL CASINO ATTRACTIONS

Roulette — Baccarat.

SPECIAL GALA NIGHTS

As on the Riviera.

Engagements include HARRY PILCER, MAURICE and LEONORA HUGHES, RAQUEL MILLER, DOLLY SISTERS, the SAKHAROFF, JOAN PICKERING, DANAY FEY, and the MIDNIGHT FOLLIES CABARET TROUPE FROM LONDON.

AT THE CLASSICAL CONCERTS:

YSAYE, JACQUES THIBAUT, RUBINSTEIN, &c.



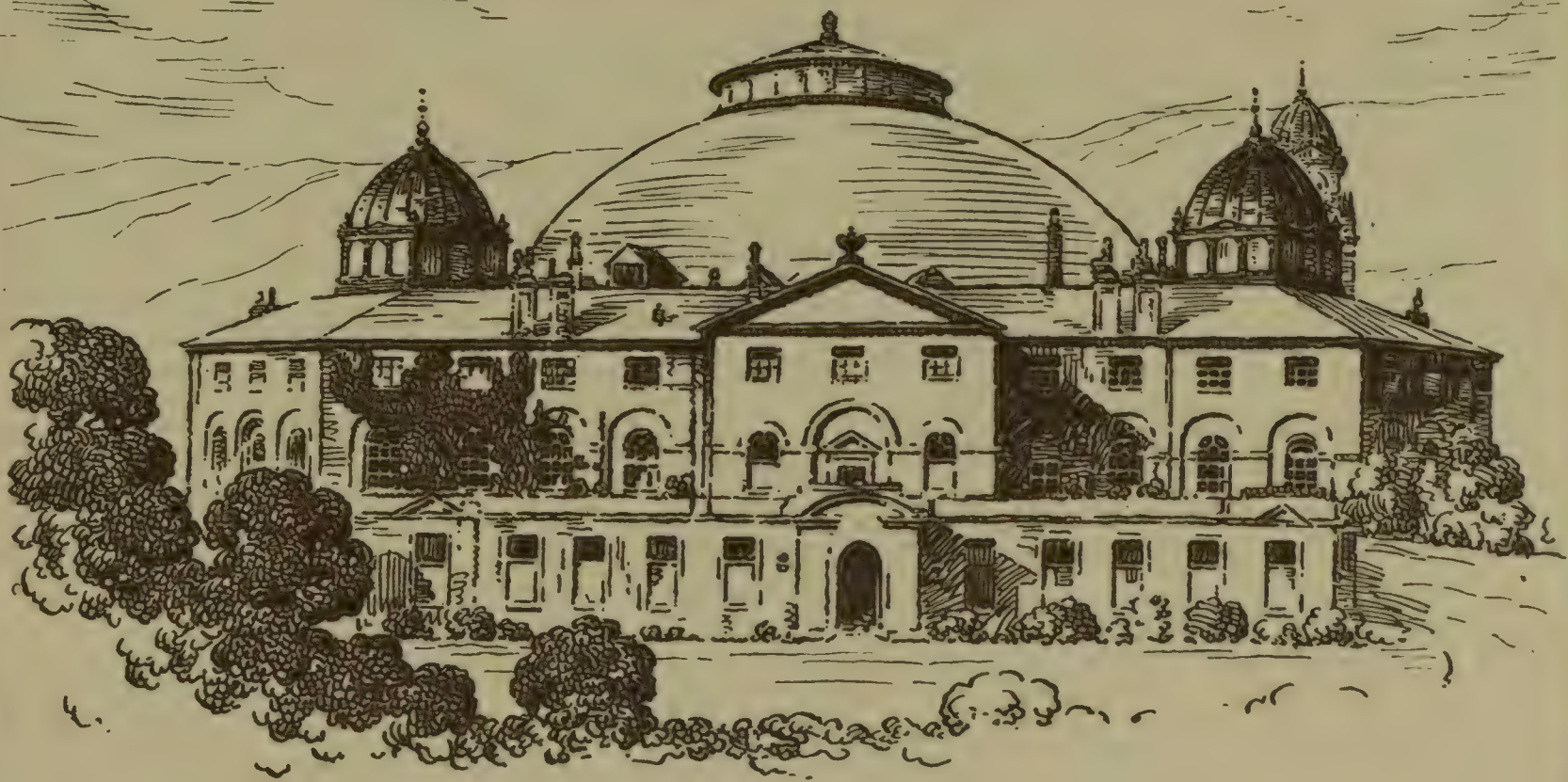
Calvert's
[CARBOLIC]
Tooth Powder

pleases the child and
satisfies the parent.

From a parent's point of view, the efficient cleansing services, together with the antiseptic properties which this dentifrice provides, will be appreciated as readily as the pleasing flavour commends it to the child.

6d., 1/-, 1/6 and 5/- a tin from your Chemist.

F. C. CALVERT, & CO., MANCHESTER.



DEVONSHIRE HOSPITAL,
BUXTON.

Patron and Chairman of the
Committee of Management:

HIS GRACE
THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, K.G.

The Devonshire Hospital, Buxton, Derbyshire, is a National Institution, containing 300 beds, for the relief of poor persons suffering from Rheumatism and Allied Diseases. It is the most ancient Mineral Water Charity in existence, having been founded in 1572, and Annual Reports have been issued since 1785.

The present Hospital was established in 1859, and the famous Dome was constructed out of money given by the Cotton Districts Famine Fund. It is the largest Hospital for Rheumatic Disorders in the Country, and is fully equipped with Bacteriological and Chemical Laboratories, Mineral Water Baths, Massage and Electrical Departments, etc.

During the 65 years over 171,600 patients have received treatment, over 4,000 being treated annually from all parts of the Kingdom.

A Grand Bazaar will be held under the Great Dome on September 10th to 13th, to raise a sum of £10,000 still required for the recent Extensions, of which H.R.H. Princess Mary laid the Commemoration Stone on October 29th, 1921.

Gifts in kind or donations will be gratefully acknowledged by

TOM B. HARRISON,
General Superintendent and Secretary

The Medical Press and Circular says: "Few modern improvements in pharmacy have done so much as Benger's Preparations to assist the Physician in his treatment of the sick."

THE origin of our present-day Hospitals is to be found in the "infirmaria" which were attached to all the early monasteries for the treatment of the sick, and for the housing of the aged, the weak and the blind. From these small beginnings have sprung our modern voluntary hospitals, whose noble work in the alleviation of human suffering is now an essential part of our national life.

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TALKING MACHINE NOTES.

MAINLY EDUCATIONAL.

RECENTLY I was reading an extract from a report of a speech made by Lord Sumner at a dinner of the British Science Guild. It was something of a shock to read that anyone, in these days, holds such views regarding the gramophone, for this was his opinion of it. He stated that it has corrupted public taste, and that a combination of the gramophone and the moving picture would be a curse on mankind.

Leaving the cinema to take care of itself, which it is quite able to do, let us consider the real position of the gramophone in the world of music to-day. There are grades in everything, and to condemn all gramophone music because the lowest type is noisy and vulgar seems to be as illogical as to distrust all mankind because a small proportion happen to be undesirables, or to ban all books because some are trash. I maintain that, far from corrupting public taste, the gramophone has done more to improve it during recent years than almost any other agent. An immense amount of classical music has been recorded, many important works in their entirety. The operatic and solo instrumental répertoires are most comprehensive; while the artists who have made the records include practically all of the first rank.

The aspect of the gramophone as an aid in the teaching of music has received much attention, such prominent musicians as Sir Walford Davies and the late Cecil Sharp having made or superintended the making of records for this purpose. The madrigal records which were taken under the supervision of Dr. E. H. Fellowes, in connection with the Byrd Tercentenary celebrations last year, are not only of great artistic merit, but of inestimable help to the student of Elizabethan music. Then as to the lighter side, there are many of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas available in complete form, authentic and "traditional" renderings being assured by the personal co-operation of Mr. Rupert D'Oyly Carte; while least important, perhaps, musically are the modern dance records, which are of their type, however, amazingly clever.

It is interesting to quote the counter-opinion of so well known a musician as Mr. Harvey Grace, editor of the *Musical Times*, who has described his conversion to the gramophone in an article contributed to the *Voice*, which is a paper published monthly by the Gramophone Company, Ltd., for the benefit of its

dealers. Here is an extract from Mr. Harvey Grace's remarks—

"Like most musicians, I had come to regard the instrument solely as a contrivance for the raucous

delivery of bad music. Again like most musicians, I was partly to blame: we had given the gramophone a bad name and waved it aside. . . . I believe I am right in saying that it was the starting of 'His Master's Voice' Education Department that woke up a good many of us. My conversion began with a visit to Hayes in 1919, when I heard some account of what had been done and what was in prospect in the recording of first-class performances of the finest music of all types. Before I left the factory, I had succumbed to some records of Cortot, the Flonzaley Quartet, and Galli-Curci, and within a few days I had bought a gramophone. To-day, after five years' regular use of it, for purposes of work and recreation, I am keener than ever."

GRAMOPHONES IN SCHOOLS.

Most opportunely comes a letter from Sir Landon Ronald, which leaves no doubt as to his opinion on the subject. Here is the text of the letter—

To the Editor of *The Illustrated London News*.

SIR,—In these days when jazz and listening-in hold between them a scarce-disputed sway, nobody interested in musical development in this country can ignore the significant decision made by the Leeds Education Committee. Leeds has agreed to allocate a sum of £250 with which to equip its city schools with gramophones.

If it be regarded as an axiom that a comprehensive musical training is the birthright of every child, surely money has never been more wisely invested.

It is not possible to take every boy and girl to hear the best music, but, thanks to the imaginative sense of this education authority, the poorest child in Leeds will be able to experience æsthetic development under the influence of great artists such as Kreisler, and other master musicians. Furthermore, they will be able to be in personal contact with the musical achievements of the past four centuries. To them the technique of the English composers of the Tudor era, the melodic and contrapuntal creations of Handel and Bach, the great inspirations of Beethoven, the emotional romanticism of Wagner and the diversity of Elgar, Delius, and Strauss—men of their own time—will be as familiar as reading, writing, and arithmetic.

Leeds has offered a notable example in catering for the spiritual needs of her children, and there does not seem to be any valid reason why other large cities should not do likewise, and so contribute towards the broadening of the vision of their potential citizens.—Yours, etc.,

LANDON RONALD, Principal.

Guildhall School of Music, July 16.

I think that these two quotations from recent writings of musicians who are both eminent in their profession show very convincingly what is the true relation of the gramophone to the formation of public taste in music.

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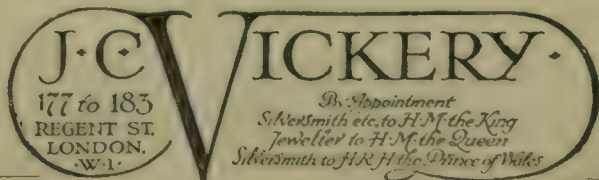


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THE BOOKSELLER'S WINDOW.

THE SCHOOL OF PARIS. By ROBERT A. HAMBLIN. (George Allen and Unwin; 7s. 6d. net.)

Although this story is largely concerned with a fantastic school of languages in Paris, run on dramatic lines, the title may be taken to refer to Paris itself as a school in the wider sense—a school of life. The long arm of coincidence is stretched a good deal in the plot. The hero and heroine are two unsophisticated young English people who both gravitate to the language school, as instructors, and there unexpectedly renew a former friendship, which develops towards romance. Meanwhile, the heroine, a young woman of independent ideas, defying convention, has arranged to spend a seaside holiday with an elderly Frenchman, purely out of kindness to him, as he is lonely and run down. She believes his feelings towards herself are only fatherly, but a tragic incident in a Dieppe hotel compromises her reputation, and trouble ensues. The situation has a good deal of originality, and is well handled in a direct and straightforward style.

TRAINER AND TEMPTRESS: A NOVEL. By H. S. ("ATTY") PERSSE and A. J. RUSSELL. (Mills and Boon; 7s. 6d. net.)

There have been many novelists of the Turf, but this book claims to be the first effort in fiction by a trainer. As such, it must possess a special degree of actuality, and it ought to win many readers among the racing fraternity. Mr. "Atty" Persse, one of the collaborators, is the Duke of Westminster's well-known trainer, whose greatest success was the discovery and training of that famous horse, The Tetrarch. Mingled with the racing element in the book is a spirited love story. The work is dedicated "to the whole of that vast and picturesque community of the Turf, embracing Kings, Queens, Princes, Peers, Honourables, Dishonourables, Trainers, Jockeys, Bookmakers, Punters, Touts, Tipsters, Stable-lads, Sharps, Flats, Priests, Publicans, and Sinners"—a very comprehensive classification. A novel touch occurs at the end, when the villain and the vamp, instead of being killed off in the orthodox manner, are made to marry and "live unhappily ever after."

KENYA MIST. By FLORENCE RIDDELL. (Thornton Butterworth; 7s. 6d. net.)

In this, her first book, the author works out on daring lines the problem of the modern woman, determined to live her own life free from the conventional trammels of

her sex. Such a resolution may be easier to fulfil in East Africa than in England, but, as the story shows, it still presents its difficulties. The heroine, at thirty-two, some years after an unhappy love affair, is "discovered" in the first chapter running a farm with two other women in Kenya. Man is taboo, and indeed absent (except for native servants), until two Englishmen take over a derelict neighbouring farmstead. The leader of the trio of man-haters, however, wants to possess a child without the usual adjunct of a husband, and boldly realises her desire for motherhood. Hence comes "the Wonderful One," round whose unorthodox existence the rest of an interesting situation revolves. The end is not so much a surrender to convention as a realisation of the natural truth on which convention rests.

SCARLET SAILS. By MARGARET BAILLIE-SAUNDERS. (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d. net.)

A romance of Cowes and the Solent is seasonable at this time of year, and will doubtless serve to while away pleasant hours for the devotees of yachting, as well as other novel-readers. The scene is laid, in part, among sleepy terraced gardens in the Isle of Wight, where the path of two daring lovers is shadowed by the cloud of a bygone tragedy; and in part on the water, where the sails of Redwing yachts follow the crimson wake of an ancient scandal. The past reaches out to threaten the happiness of the heroine, who is championed by a knight of the pen against the ambitious designs of a scheming mother. A time-honoured incident—the spraining of the heroine's ankle—occurs early in the first chapter, which opens at Cowes in Regatta Week. This leads to a new acquaintance, whence ensue many happenings, related in lively narrative and natural talk.

WIFE OF THE CENTAUR. By CYRIL HUME. (Jonathan Cape; 7s. 6d. net.)

This is no fantasy of classical mythology, but a very modern story. The "centaur," in fact, is a young American, a Yale man and a poet, of strong passions and rather promiscuous in his love affairs. We pursue his career from the death of his mother, through his school and college days, to his service in the war and the beginning of his married life. But the ending is not of the "wedding bells and happiness ever after" type. It is, as it were, a three-cornered ending. Having married one woman, and discovered that he still loves another, he is left in a mood of renunciation, writing better poetry on that account, but resigned

to domesticity. So "the Centaur is tamed and his power is broken, and the man is given allotted ways." At intervals throughout the book are symbolic passages in this vein, forming a kind of chorus or running commentary on the action, to keep up the analogy of the title. The poetic hero himself talks and quotes with an emotional exuberance that is typical of American mentality.

PATRICIA ELLEN. By MARY WILTSHIRE. (Mills and Boon; 7s. 6d. net.)

In a prologue to this realistic story of a woman's life, the author defends her own use of actual names of places, while explaining that the inhabitants with whom she has peopled them are fictitious. The scene is laid round about Avebury, Bristol, and Cirencester. As it is a Wiltshire tale, with the locality so definitely specified, one wonders whether the author writes under her own name or a pseudonym. Patricia Ellen, daughter to the lord of the Red Lion at Avebury, received those incongruous appellations so that (in her mother's words) "if she's fine-ladyfied, then we'll call her Patricia, and if she's homely she shall be Ellen." Everybody but her mother called her Ellen. The tale of Ellen's first love match with a struggling artist, its tragic sequel, and her second marriage for her child's sake, reads so much like a "chunk" of life that to mention these leading events does not seem to be giving away the plot. The value of the book is in its local colour and character studies.

MR. ROWL. By D. K. BROSTER. (Heinemann; 7s. 6d. net.)

The spirit of the Napoleonic wars must have differed much from that of the Great War. No English novel would be tolerated that sentimentalised over a German officer, brought to England as a prisoner of war, falling in love with an English girl and being helped by her to escape. Yet, if we are to believe the romancers, there was no such bitter feeling against the captive Frenchmen who had fought for "Boney" against us. "Mr. Rowl" was the Anglicised version of the name of Captain Raoul de Sablières, a gallant and attractive French prisoner of war from the Peninsula, and the tale of his adventures can claim literary kinship with Stevenson's "St. Ives." The author acknowledges a debt to Francis Abell's "Prisoners of War in Britain, 1756-1815," and Dr. T. J. Walker's book, "The Depot for Prisoners of War at Norman Cross, Huntingdonshire, 1796-1816." He does not state to what extent the details of his romance are based on fact, nor does it really matter. Enough that he has written a very readable story.

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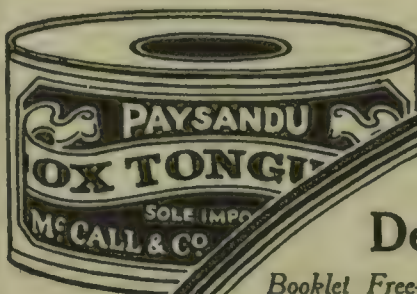
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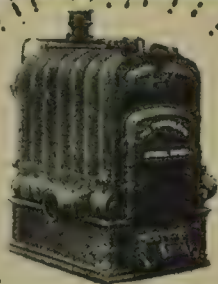
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RELIGION IN THE LAND OF THE IMBRIE MURDER.

(Continued from Page 266.)

India, where he expostulated with the lion for attacking a good Shi'a. The lion explained that it was quite a mistake; it had been under the impression that the Sultan was one of the abhorred Sunni, and the error was regretted. The worthy beast then implored Husayn to allow it to be a martyr in the holy cause. Unfortunately, this could not be arranged, but it was given the job of protecting the bodies of the fallen faithful. So they proceeded together to Kerbela, where the bodies were identified by Husayn for the guidance of the lion. The fondling of the child appears to be an extension of the lion's duties to include the care of the little orphan.

The coffin is also accompanied by an angel, said to be no less than the Archangel Gabriel himself (Fig. 6), although this fact might possibly not be realised at first sight from the photograph. This mighty being mounts on the coffin when it is not occupied by the lion. In one procession the Archangel and the lion shared a horse, taking their places alternately on the coffin and the horse.

Close behind Husayn comes his charger, Zu'l Janah (the winged), which is an object of great veneration. In front of him a dozen men walk backwards chanting a mournful dirge, at a certain point of which they all rush up to the unfortunate horse and kiss his face (Fig. 7). As this occurs at intervals of a minute or less, and continues throughout the whole progress of the cavalcade—a matter of several miles—it is fairly strenuous exercise for those taking part. And as for the long-suffering horse, the merit acquired by him must be prodigious, and one hopes that he thereby attains to some degree of immunity for the rest of

his life from the gross ill-treatment to which all animals are liable in Persia.

A number of headless bodies are carried along on stretchers (Fig. 5), representing the slain supporters of Husayn. Like that hero himself, these have

long poles (Fig. 4), and accompany the living relatives who are being transported on camel-back in captivity to Damascus.

In Fig. 4 a lady and child are seen on camel-back, the part of the lady being, of course, played by a man. In the description of the Passion Play given by Sir Lewis Pelly* the following words are put into the mouth of Zainab, Husayn's sister, addressing the ghost of her father, 'Ali: "If my assembly break up for the sake of the Shi'as; if I be consumed before the fire of injustice like a fowl; since it tends to the salvation of God's elect, I am not in the least degree sorry. Even, indeed, were they to make me ride on a she-camel without litters." Possibly this figure in the procession may represent Zainab undergoing this most direful of all conceivable penalties.

The rest of the ladies and children are spared this, being carried in one procession in a covered litter borne on poles, and in another in the regular travelling litters or paniers, carried by donkeys (Fig. 2). In ordinary use they are covered over with dark cloth, so that the occupants are not only sheltered from the sun, but also from the inquisitive gaze of passers-by.

The cavalcade proceeds slowly through the city, accompanied by a vast throng of spectators. Not only are the streets packed, but the roofs and balconies of all buildings along the route are thronged. Ultimately it debouches on the open graveyard to the south of the town, across which it proceeds to the great mosque of the Imam Shahzada Husayn. Here the coffin is reverently deposited, but what actually

takes place inside may not be witnessed by an infidel.

* "The Miracle Play of Hasan and Hosein." By Sir Lewis Pelly. (1879.)



THE PILGRIM FATHERS COMMEMORATED ON THE HUMBER: SIR CHARLES WAKEFIELD LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF A MEMORIAL AT KILLINGHOLME CREEK.

At Killingholme Creek, on the Humber, on July 31, Sir Charles Wakefield, Bt., ex-Lord Mayor of London, accompanied by the Lord Mayor of Hull, laid the corner-stone of a memorial erected by the Anglo-American Society of Hull to the Pilgrim Fathers of Yorkshire and Lincolnshire. The inscription states that "from this creek the Pilgrim Fathers first left England in 1609 in search of religious liberty. The granite top stone was taken from Plymouth Rock, Mass., and presented by the Sulgrave Institution of U.S.A." It was in 1620 that the "Mayflower" sailed on her famous voyage from Plymouth. The Pilgrim Fathers who started from the Humber spent eleven years in Holland before setting out for America.—[Photograph by Photopress.]

arrows stuck into their breasts, and the performers of these parts also acquire great honour. The severed heads, represented by wooden images, are carried on



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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

The Future of Reliability Trials. Apropos a recent paragraph of mine on the question of reliability trials in general, and that recently held by the R.A.C. in particular, it is not uninteresting to note that the Six Days' Trial promoted by the Edinburgh Motor Club failed this year

job, may easily miss a symptom, or just as easily put an apparently small defect right before it develops into real trouble, whereas had such a defect been left to make itself known in a strictly observed trial, the full ultimate effect would have been demonstrated. There are any amount of arguments to be advanced in favour of trials, and I shall always remain of opinion that they are very useful. But the fact seems to be that the manufacturing trade, which finds the support for these events, is not satisfied of their utility, and will not come in. If that be so, there is little use in persisting with their promotion.

Free Imports. The McKenna duties have now ceased to exist, and those motorists who prefer the foreign car to the British, either from conviction that it is best or because of price considerations, can run riot through a list of substantially reduced prices. It is quite instructive to run through such a list as that published in the pages of the *Motor*, which shows in detail the old and the new prices at which French, Italian, and

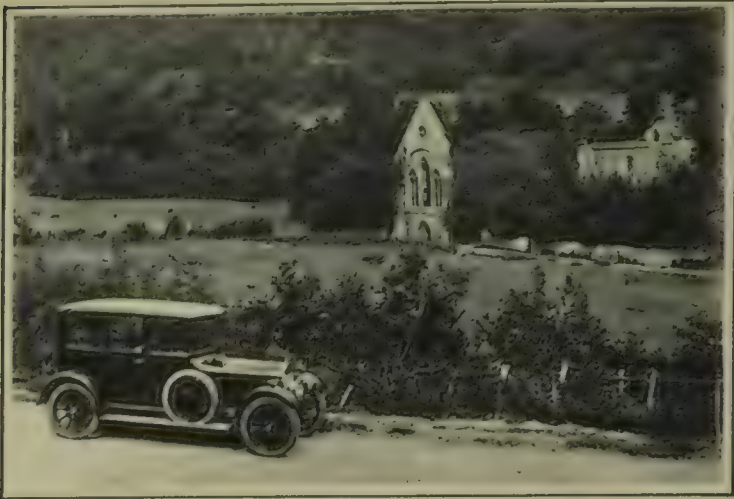
American cars were listed when the duties had to be paid, and at the present moment. All questions of economics or politics apart, the list is certainly interesting, and should provide a good deal of food for thought. The way it impresses me is that the British car has a very hard fight before it if it is to retain its hold of the home market, let alone to compete in the overseas Dominions. I fear it is of little use to appeal to the patriotism of the mass of the motor-buying public. Indeed, I am not convinced that this is a case in which patriotism enters into the question. Boiled down, the way it appeals to me is thus: the great majority of the British public, through its elected Government, has

said that it prefers cheap foreign cars, clocks, watches, and so on, to the more expensive, though probably better, productions of our own country. Majorities, we are told, are always right; *ergo*, we are all right in this case. What matter, then, if a few more thousands of British workers are thrown on the dole? But possibly it will not be so, and that the British motor trade is in for a real boom. It may be so, but I cannot find a single British motor manufacturer who thinks that way.

A Clement-Talbot Reappointment.

It is not often that I feel it opportune to refer to personalities connected with the motor trade, but Mr. F. W. Shorland, well known years ago as one of the finest racing cyclists who ever crossed a saddle, and later as managing-director of Clement-Talbot, Ltd., with whom he severed his connection some five years ago, has by special request resumed control of the destinies of this concern. He has such hosts of friends, both in and out of the industry, that it is only fitting that I should make the announcement of his new appointment and congratulate Messrs. Clement-Talbot and himself upon it.

W. W.



AT A PICTURESQUE WELSH RUIN: A WOLSELEY "FOURTEEN" SALOON PASSING VALLE CRUCIS ABBEY, AT THE FOOT OF THE RUTHIN PASS.

to attract a really representative car entry. Only sixteen cars started in this event, which is certainly not to be described as a full entry. The moral seems to be that these long-period trials have had their day, and will not in the future be worth while carrying out at all. Not that I do not believe in them. On the contrary, in my own opinion they are very valuable indeed, not only to the purchasing public, which is able to discriminate to a certain extent between comparative performances, but to the manufacturer and his design staff. These strenuous trials have a habit of disclosing unsuspected weaknesses, which can be corrected in the light of the knowledge gained under the close observation of the officials of the promoting organisation.

It may be argued that the makers' own testers are just as likely to discover these weaknesses, and to point them out before the car concerned goes into production. That is only true up to a point. The average tester, while he is a very good man at his



WITH THE THREE WINNERS INSIDE: AN 8-H.P. HUMBER SALOON, VALUE £310, PRESENTED BY HUMBER LTD., TO BE SOLD FOR PRIZES IN A CARNIVAL COMPETITION IN AID OF HOSPITALS.

The proceeds of the sale of this car were divided amongst the three successful competitors (seen inside it) who tied in a Carnival Skill Competition recently organised in aid of the Coventry and Warwickshire Hospital Fund. The car was presented by Messrs. Humber, Ltd., of Coventry.

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Letter from Mr. C. Roach.

Mr. Charles Roach, of East View, Bagstone Wickwar, Glos., writes as follows: "I feel impelled to write to you in praise of Germolene. For years I suffered from Psoriasis, and tried many things without securing any relief. But when I commenced to use Germolene improvement at once commenced, and four months after I commenced the treatment (using Germolene internally in conjunction with Germolene) I was completely cured. I would like you to publish this testimony for the benefit of other sufferers."

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Dodge Brothers Landaulette bears the closest comparison with cars costing 50% more. It embodies the highest standards of dignity, refinement and mechanical dependability.

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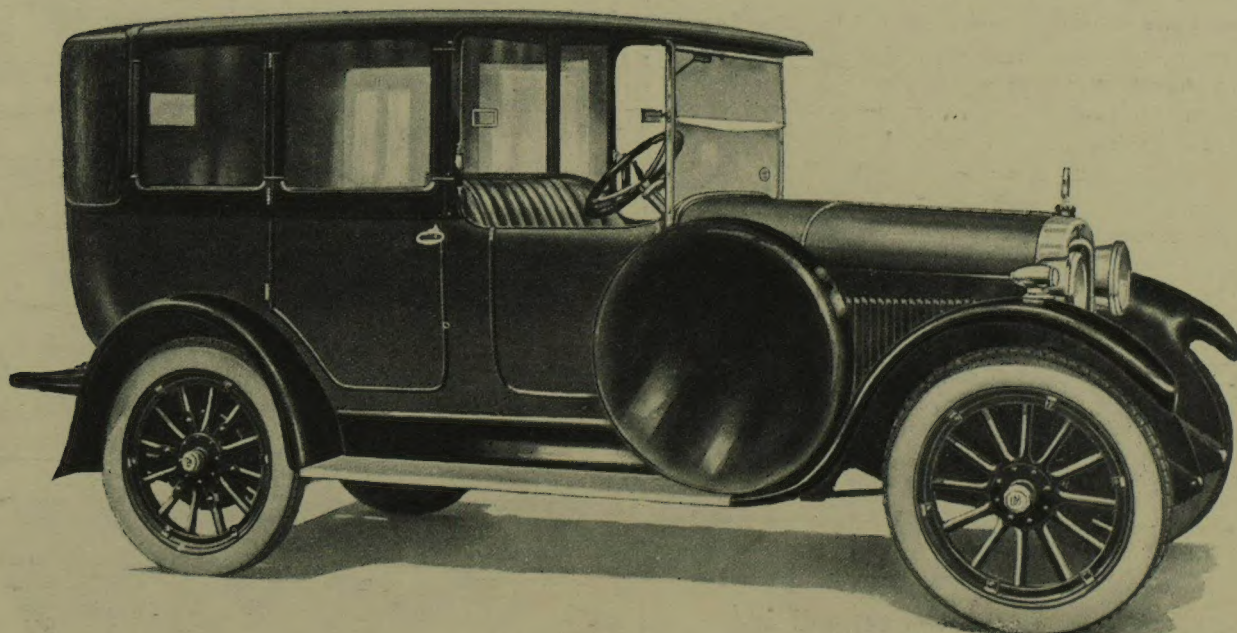
Accommodation is provided for seven passengers, all facing forward. The two occasional seats fold into the back of the driver's seat when not in use.

The 24-35 H.P. engine is powerful, flexible, smooth running and unusually economical.

Write for particulars to Dodge Brothers (Britain) Ltd., Showroom: 18 Grafton Street, Bond Street, W.1. Telephone: Regent 6130. Works, Offices and Service Station: Stevenage Wharf, Fulham, S.W.6.

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Then if it Rains, Blows or Swelters,
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For shooting on a wet or chilly day, The Burberry has no rival. It is the ONE Weatherproof in which it is possible to shoot as quickly and accurately as when not wearing an Overcoat, because it allows absolute freedom for every movement.

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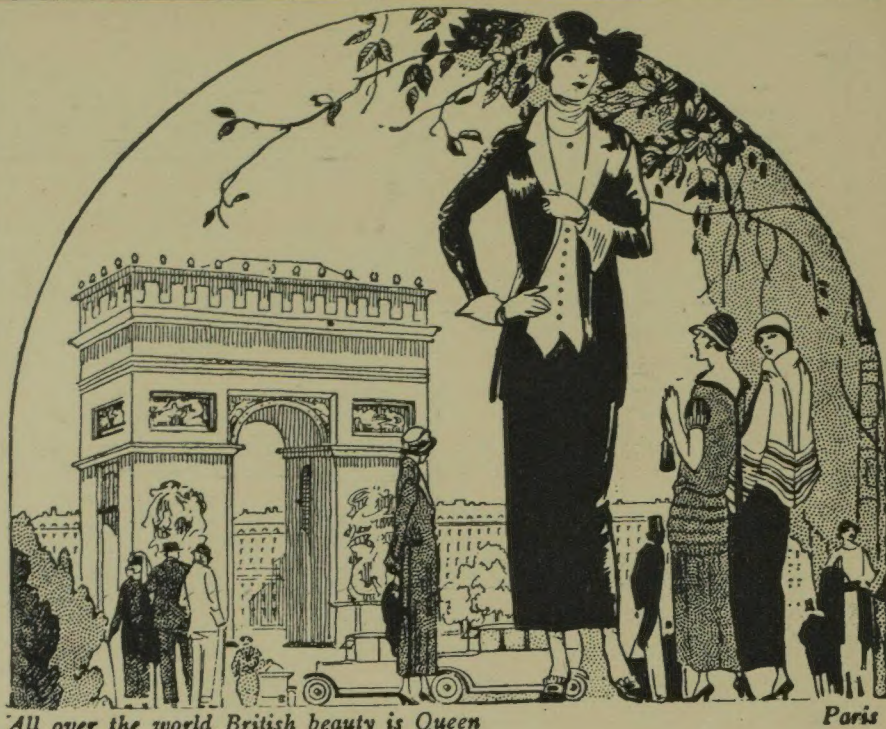
The Burberry, although wet- and wind-proof, still retains natural ventilation, and on a really hot day it is cooler than no coat at all, as it provides a shade against the heat of the sun.

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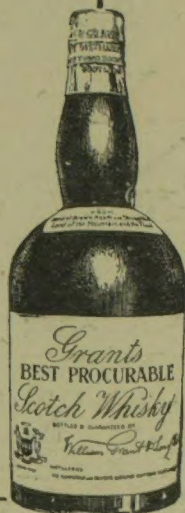
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—not by smoking less, not by saving a nominal penny per ounce, but by choosing a good tobacco that burns slowly and evenly and never runs to waste in the form of dust—a tobacco each pipeful of which lasts longer and gives more complete satisfaction than any other you have tried.

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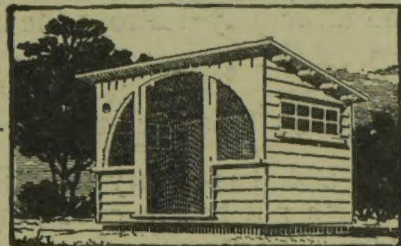
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For an outdoor rest room, tea room or study, this portable garden Chalet is ideal. Sturdily built of thoroughly seasoned materials, it affords complete shelter from inclement weather and full enjoyment of fresh air. It will give years of pleasure at a moderate cost. Carriage paid to most goods stations in England and Wales.

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"BOBBED" HAIR AT ITS BEST!

SOME INJURIOUS RESULTS OF "BOBBING" AND HOW TO OVERCOME THEM

Great FREE Offer of 'Harlene-Hair-Drill' to Make Your Hair Healthy & Beautiful

TO "bob" or not to "bob"—that is the question raging at present in all feminine circles and disturbing many masculine hearts and minds.

Women of all ages are having their hair "bobbed." In fact, there is ample evidence that "bobbing" is, or is becoming, "epidemic" to-day.

Some assert that "bobbing" is non-injurious to the hair. Some contend that it is helpful. Some again argue that it actually injures and ultimately destroys the hair.

Changes that often follow "Bobbing."

But—and it is a very important but—whether it be innocuous, injurious, or beneficial, there is no denying the fact that many things may—and often do happen if and when the hair is cut short, in part or as a whole—suddenly. The texture and colour may both be affected and even altered. Sometimes it becomes dull or greyish coloured. In many cases there is no doubt that "bobbing" impoverishes the hair, accentuates, if it does not actually activate, loss of quality as well as quantity, dullness, coarseness, loss of lustre, weakness, brittleness, and "falling out."

"Harlene-Hair-Drill" Makes the Hair Grow Beautiful.

"Bobbing" will not make unbeautiful hair beautiful, but the Free "Harlene - Hair - Drill" Outfit offered here and now to every reader will help every one, "bobbed" or "unbobbed," to have and to keep really beautiful and attractive hair. It may be YOURS TO-DAY FOR THE ASKING.

If you have any hair trouble or defect, if your hair is lacking in any attribute of beauty, if you wish to maintain and even increase the charm and appearance of your hair or regain lost hair-health and beauty, you should write for a Free "Harlene" Outfit to-day. No man, woman, or girl who prizes Hair Beauty can afford to miss the present opportunity.

Whether your hair is "bobbed" or not or whether you intend to have it "bobbed" or not, "Harlene-Hair-Drill" will help you in all your hair troubles, and give you soft, strong, and lustrous hair of indescribable charm and beauty. Each Free "Harlene" Outfit contains everything necessary to try and to prove the "drill" for a week, viz:—

1. A BOTTLE OF "HARLENE-for-the-HAIR," acknowledged and used throughout the world as the most stimulating and beautifying tonic food for the hair.

2. A PACKET OF "CREMEX" SHAMPOO. This is an anti-septic purifier which thoroughly cleanses the hair and scalp of all scurf, etc., and prepares the hair for the "Hair-Drill" Treatment.

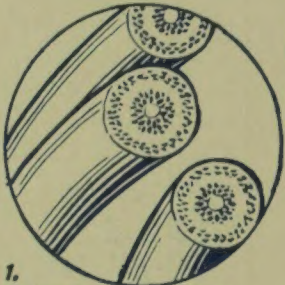
3. A BOTTLE OF "UZON" BRILLIANTINE, which gives a final touch of beauty to the hair, and is especially beneficial to those whose scalp is inclined to be dry.

4. A COPY OF THE NEW EDITION OF THE ILLUSTRATED "HAIR DRILL" MANUAL OF INSTRUCTIONS, which gives you the secrets of hair-health and beauty as revealed by the world's leading authority on hair.

"Harlene" for Men Also.

Men, too, find that "Harlene" prevents Scalp Irritation, Dryness, and a tendency to Baldness. It is no exaggeration to say that millions of men and women in all walks of life practise the refreshing and beneficial "Hair-Drill" daily and so preserve their health and beauty.

After a Free Test of "Harlene-Hair-Drill" you will always be able to obtain further supplies, if and when required, as follows:—"Harlene" at 1/1½, 2/9, and 4/9 per bottle, "Uzon" Brilliantine 1/1½ and 2/9 per bottle, "Cremex" Shampoo Powders 1/6 per box of seven shampoos (single packets 3d. each), and "Astol" for Grey Hair at 3/- and 5/- per bottle, from Chemists and Stores all over the world.



1. Cut ends of hair—highly magnified—showing severed pigment cells. This leads to Greyness.



2. With less hair one is liable to give it less brushing than is necessary.



3. The gentle pulling of the comb on long hair strengthens the roots; the comb slips easily through short hair and the beneficial "tugging" is lost.



5. Ruined by over-curling, waving, etc.



4. Bobbed hair, too, is frequently either neglected or—

SPECIAL NOTICE TO THE GREY-HAIRED.



IF your hair is Grey, Faded or quickly losing its Colour, you should try at once the wonderful new liquid compound "Astol," a remarkable discovery which gives back to grey hair new life and colour in a quick and natural manner. You can try "Astol" free of charge by enclosing an extra 2d. stamp for the postage and packing of the "Harlene-Hair-Drill" parcel—i.e., 6d. stamps in all—when, in addition to the splendid Four-fold Gift described in this announcement, a trial bottle of "Astol" will also be included absolutely free of charge.



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Dear Sirs,—Please send me your free "Harlene" Four-Fold Hair-Growing Outfit as announced. I enclose 4d. in stamps for postage and packing to my address.

(Illustrated London News, 9/8/24)

NOTE TO READER.

Write your FULL name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper, pin this Coupon to it, and post as directed above. (Mark envelope "Sample Dept.")

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